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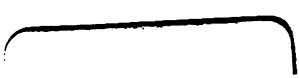

MOMENTS
OF
LONELINESS.

MOMENTS OF LONELINESS,

OR,

PROSE AND POETIC EFFORTS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY

SIBELLA ELIZABETH HATFIELD.

DEDICATED,

BY THE MOST AFFECTIONATE PERMISSION,

TO HER PARENTS.

"To them her heart, her love, her griefs are given,
But all her serious thoughts have rest in heaven."

DESERTED VILLAGE.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT,

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MOMENTS OF LONELINESS.

TO THE TITLE OF THIS VOLUME.

Yes, truly dost thou speak the time
  Given to produce thy humble page;
No days, no nights of thought sublime,
  No stores of Traveller, Poet, Sage,
Blended their off'rings rich for thee,
In Leisure's bower of luxury.

The transient chilly winter's dawn,
  Too soon, too soon becoming day;
Or the pale moment when was drawn
  Night's mantle o'er its sinking ray,
Gave the dim beam by which my song
I snatch'd from thoughts' discordant throng:

Snatch'd like a phantom fair of light,
From the stern shadows round me hung;
And deem'd all beautiful, and bright—
At least o'er *me* a ray it flung—
A ray of fancy that would cheer
My bosom through day's toilings drear.

The moment when in silence sat
Around me meek my blooming band,
When my dire frown had still'd their chat,
And diligence moved every hand,
And needles glanced in every beam,
Like fairy spears in moonlight's gleam.

Then (pardon, duty!) I my pen
Snatch'd up, and dropp'd the sharpen'd *steel*—
(I recommend the same to men,
Who fight not for their country's weal,
For wasting paper's better far,
Than wasting life in guilty war.)

But this is a digress; sad drag
Upon my sense, and sentiment!
'Twill mar it all, and make it "flag
Most dismally"—methinks 'tis sent
By my tormenting muse, to spite
La Belle Assemblée's critic wight

He will not find here "racehorse paces,"
Galloping from his lash away,
But thoughts, which, tho' deem'd "void of graces,"
Dare still in song's sweet meadows stray,
As unsubmissive to *his* yoke,
As the proud "desert-born" *unbroke*.

But pardon, Censor! for my heart
Hath long long since forgiven thee;
And one who took a harsher part
In my lone wanderer's destiny;
But when its page to us is *dull*,
We throw aside the "*Chronicle*."

But, as I said before, my plume
I took and dropp'd my needle down,
(You'll say 'twas not a lonely room:
But can you Fancy's power own,
And know not, that she fills, or makes
A desert where no leaflet shakes?)

And then a transient thought I traced,
A line of similie or woe,
With many a hasty blot defaced
And anxious beating heart, for lo!
Some whimperer, by my apron string,
Pulls down my muse's soaring wing.

And then, farewell the burning glow,
  Almost of Heaven that o'er me past!
I felt that I was still below,
  A labourer in life's dreary waste;
A chain'd slave to the galley's oar,
Till the frail bark could move no more.

Pardon'd might be the impatient look,
  The word half soften'd ere it fell;
Scarce had my spirit learn'd to brook
  Its fetters *then;* now all is well,
For all is in my heart subdued,
Almost my pride's last-conquer'd mood.

But then came Evening's moments sweet,
  Oh, Evening! when I name thy name,
I feel the tear-drops rush to greet
  The page where I my joy proclaim!
Oh! what, what hast thou been to me?
My prison'd spirit's Jubilee!

The hour of bliss, the hour of love,
  Of restoration to my kind;
That was no soul on earth, above
  Alone I sought my kindred mind;
For ere that hour my heart had known
Full well 'twas in the world *alone.*

Yes, yes, thy blessed moments gave
All that I ask'd of earth, or heaven,
Deep solitude! not by the wave,
Not in sweet rambles, summer-given;
There oft might come the intruder nigh,
But in my lonely casement high.

There, while the moon or silver star
Shone sweeter far than friendship's glance,
Or that than friendship's sweeter far,
I deem not in the world's expanse,
At least I never saw its beam,
But in my lonely minstrel dream.

There lean'd I, there oft framed my lays
To the lone breeze that wander'd by;
A sweet companion was that breeze,
And oft I'd ope my lattice high,
To hear its sighing cadence more,
And deem it heavenly voices bore.

And if these songs of moments lone,
Should cheer some heart as cheer'd they mine,
Some heart that doth not scorn to own
A sympathy with sorrow's line;
Or a faint smile to visions light,
Call'd up to chase a darker night;

Call'd up to shine some shades away,
  That sunk like death's upon the breast,
With effort such as gives the ray
  Of sun-light to Lapponian waste,
Struggling to deck with hopes of bloom,
That quickly wither in the tomb;—

Then, solitary moments! ye
  Shall not be deem'd the dregs of life;
But sweet drops of the cup by me,
  And all those hours with converse rife,
Tho' sometimes they, perchance, have thrill'd
The waste with which it most was fill'd.

Doth this line sound too harsh? forgive!
  My heart is not a Misanthrope;
If on my brow such traces live,
  Name them the lines of vanished hope;
—Aught, aught but those that speak unfelt
Those feelings that each heart should melt.

If mine were thus of marble stone,
  It had not nurs'd the wish express'd,
It had not sought a minstrel-tone,
  To make another's bosom bless'd;—
What shall I say? it had not now
Felt life's warm tide around it glow.

No, it had languish'd for the tomb;
  Had supplicated for its sleep;
Joy'd in the grave's advancing gloom,
  As in a refuge safe and deep:
For eyes bedimm'd with misery's tears,
Behold nought there for starting fears.

It was not this, at least, alone,
  Voices beloved were in my ear,
That soothed my childish sorrow's moan,
  That guided youth's advancing year;
To hear these still I strove to live,
The life I had received, to give!

And ye who bore the lonely hour,
  Who bore to see me steal away,
And hide me in the distant bower,
  (Oh even from *your* affection's ray,)
To yield my bosom to a flame,
That made awhile forget *your* claim;—

Take now the fruitage of that time,
  Nourish'd with tears, and if not all
Be fair to ye, not all sublime
  And heavenward their growth, if fall
Unripen'd some, and some less sweet;
Yet your child's offering smiling meet.

Take it, as ye in infancy
  Would take the daisy from my hand,
And smile in wiser age, to see
  How great I thought the gift I plann'd,
Because it was my *all*, and proved
How much your gentle gaze I loved.

Ye will, the fruitage, and the flowers,
  Tintless and tasteless tho' they seem
To other lips, from other bowers
  All spurn'd, yet you will ever deem
The sweetest earthly hand could rear,
And claim your mild eyes' purest tear.

And when, but oh! I scarce may name
  To you that thought that haunts my breast,
And nourish'd there like love's first flame,
  The blessed hope of early rest:
When I shall sleep and ye shall wake,
You'll love them for the slumberer's sake.

And ye will come to my sweet couch,
  All freshly perfumed with the spring,
And say, "away each harsher touch
  Of grief, it blends not with the string
She sweeps, in her young dreams of Heaven,
Oh! should we mourn that such are given?

"No, rather let us bless the day,
We laid her in this peaceful bed;
Knew the last pang was passed away,
Wiped the last tear that she could shed;
The trees of an immortal bloom,
Wave their rich foliage round the tomb.

"And that last little gift she gave,
We'll often gaze upon it here,
And let those boughs of heaven wave
Away the fond regretful tear,
And o'er it cast their fadeless hue,
And make it all immortal too.

"At least to us it will be so;
We shall behold, while life shall last,
This simple song-wreath fadeless glow,
And when its weary hour is past,
What matters earth's forgetful eye,
When we are met in bliss on high?
And amid heaven's eternal throng
Awake the never-dying song?"

TO NIGHT.

Oh Night! thou drawest nigh again,
And how my heart would bless thy reign,
But for the summons, kindly stern,
To seek my pillow, and to sleep,
When I with many a prayer would earn
The privilege to wake and weep.
I'd rather slumber through the day,
Than the sweet hours that bless thy sway:
Thy moon, thy stars, seem given to be
The guiding lights of minstrelsy.
And Solitude is all thine own;
Thy shades her robe, thy stars her throne,
Thy moon her lamp, and all around
Themes for her thought and dreams profound.
And Contemplation, too, is thine;
And Memory, with a silver line,
Tracing upon the heaving breast
Each past delightful scene that blest.

Beautiful hour! serene and still,
Thine is the bosom's sweetest thrill;
Thine the mind's loftiest thoughts, and thine
Devotion's breathings, all divine.

Beautiful hour! when I forget
To hail thy stars, to bless thy shade,
Thy coming with sweet tears to meet,
And all that thou for me hast made;
Then hide each beauteous orb of thine,
The storm-cloud round thy brows entwine,
And bid thy once harmonious breeze,
Turn to a tempest on the seas.

But, hour most beautiful! are there
No other visions linked with thee,
Than those the youthful heart deems fair,
In life, or love, or minstrelsy?
Yes, as thy planets shine in vain;
In vain thy beauty, and thy reign,
If thou lead not beyond thy spheres;
If thou speak not of those bright years,
Where thy sweet shades are never known,
But days and nights are all light's own,
The dower of that Eternity,
That never cast a glance on thee.
Measurer of time thou art on earth,
And hast been from thy earliest birth,

When first on Eden's new-born flowers
Sunk the soft dews from thy sweet hours.
Oh! hung they then like tears, as now,
Upon the stainless rose's glow,
Prophetic of the drops to be
There shed for lost felicity?
Or with a finer hand o'er-spread
Gave but a deeper, richer red,
Like that joy-glow that deck'd each cheek,
When the first pair essay'd to speak,
And found no words their lips to move,
But those that breathe of mutual love!
Ere they had wandered 'neath thy shade,
Soft o'er their beauteous home, it spread
Its starry pinion, and did brood
Till morn o'er that bless'd solitude.

Thou wert on earth ere Sorrow came,
Not then the shade of grief or shame;
Oh never in such guise as now
We see thee oft, with stormy brow
Turban'd with thunder clouds, thy plume
The waving lightning's fiery gloom;
But beautiful as a veiled maid,
With star-eyes beaming thro' the shade.

Then angel forms beneath thee trod,
And deeply wonder'd there could be,

At distance from their own abode,
  Such beauty and solemnity;
And almost deem'd a shadowy heaven,
To the sojourner man, was given.

Then came thy moon, I deem what joy
  Breathed through all Eden when she rose,
What sweet-voiced warblers of the sky,
  To hail her, broke their soft repose.
I deem the flute-toned nightingale,
Told not alone to night her tale;
Doves coo'd their love-notes o'er again,
And larks half trill'd their morning strain;
And flowers half-oped their leaves, to pay
Their tributes to the softer day.
And some awoke all night to keep
Sweet watch, and never more would sleep,
But ever waiting for her rise,
Lift nightly up their patient eyes,
And as the lonely minstrel sings,
Send up their silent offerings;
Sweet perfumes in their cups concealed,
  Like holy thoughts in timid hearts,
To be in solitude revealed,
  To Him whose judging eye imparts
Sweet light unto the sacrifice,
Unnoticed by the world's dull eyes.

And are not such e'en now ascending,
From many a low and humble cot,
And with the arch-angels' praises blending,
Tho' on the earth unheard, forgot?
My spirit, haste to join thy breathing
With the pure incense thus enwreathing
The altars of the Eternal's throne,
And make one smile this night thine own.

SEDUCTION.

OCCASIONED BY THE CONTEMPLATION OF ONE OF ITS VICTIMS.

Oh, beautiful thou wast and fair,
When first thy lover came,
And sweet and pure as Eden's air,
Ere sin and sorrow entered there,
To stain with sighs of shame;
Oh yes, and how could lover's vow,
Be broken at such shrine as thou?

Detested be the recreant breast!
And chill'd the recreant heart;
Oh! never there may peace find rest.
But need I curse?—was ever blest
The murderous traitor's art?
Is not impressed upon his brow,
The Cain-like stamp of shame and woe?

Yes—howsoe'er he strive with smiles,
To smooth away the mark;
The eye looks through the veil of wiles,
Beholds the shadow that assoils,

Thoughts crowding still and dark
Upon the solitary hour,
When conscience *will* assert her power.

Far sweeter is the restrospect
Of the stern murderer's heart,
Who came, with passion's rage uncheck'd,
Ere fear or pity said "reflect,"—
And winged the fatal dart,
Than the Seducer's in that time,
When flashes on his soul his crime.

But shall we wait till tardy shame
The punishment begin
To tinge the guilty cheek with shame,
The murderer of another's fame,
To visit for his sin?
No, let the secret traitor's brow
The open mark of justice show.

Ye laws! the bulwarks of our land,
More firm than barks, or seas,
Oh! is there none, none to withstand
The dark, the desolating band
Of such base foes as these?
Then, fathers, brothers, husbands, all,
Of Britain, upon *you* we call!

Spurn the stain'd traitor from your hearth,
  As ye would spurn to be
A partner in some crime's red birth,
To desolate the groaning earth
  With deeper misery:
He who hath desert made a home,
Should ever through a desert roam!

Yes, let him feel his withered life
  By minutes drop away,
And count them by the feelings' strife
In his wrung bosom ever rife;
  It slightly will portray
The fate of that deserted one;
The tortures of the maid undone.

Look at her haggard eye, her cheek
  With shame or frenzy flush'd,
Or pale Consumption's hues that speak
The death her faint petitions seek,
  Forth now in pity rush'd,
And waiting for his ready prey,—
Oh, once so young, so fair, so gay!

Yet look once more, those forms behold,
  Bending with age, and woe!
Once their exulting bosoms told

Her price more high than mines of gold;
  Her smile their light below,
Her song, the angel-strain that blest
With the sweet promises of rest.

Now they turn from her, as from one
  On whom the taint is spread;
The leprosy of shame begun
In her, o'er all their house shall run,
  And stain their memory dead;
Her voice is hateful, and her smile
Accursed as the harlot's wile.

Or if a gentler feeling come
  Across the parent's breast,
'Tis but to make with anguish dumb,
To deepen more the deadly gloom,
  Upon each bosom pressed,
The rain-drops from the cloud of shame,
Howe'er they gush, leave still the *same*.

Still o'er their heads it hangs as dark
  As when it first arose,
And shuts out hope's sweet star-beam's spark,
That through all others we may mark,
  And cheers the darkest woes,
Poverty, death, captivity,
All, all, but *female infamy!*

Oh then, should e'er, should e'er the breast
That wrought the ruin, know
The sweets of mental peace, or rest,
Sit by the hearth with friendship blest,
In beauty's presence bow,
And in life's loveliest bowers appear
The accepted guest, the lover dear?

Oh no! if e'er he seek a hearth,
Let it be her's alone
Made desolate by him on earth;
And let the tear, the deep sigh's birth,
Like incense breath atone,
And stainless but for his embrace,
Hide in his breast her blushing face.

And ye, who spurn as plague-distained,
The lost-one from your bower,
Shew the pure hate of vice *unfeigned;*
Be *him* who *injured, most* disdained,
Shunn'd as some demon-power;
The traitor to your sex's name,
Who wrought the humblest sister's shame

This virtuous, high-minded scorn
Of traitor-arts, shall raise
A barrier never to be worn,

To stand in ages yet unborn,
Your sex's loftiest praise;
And firmer far than laws to be,
Their honour's bright security.

Oh yes, let coxcombs sneer and smile,
And in the flattering glass,
Of wealth or rank, survey their guile,
Or mask with gold its features vile,
Or show, with front of brass,
No heart but doth in secret own
The dignity of virtue's frown:

No heart,—unless in gulph of guilt
Sunk, ne'er to rise again,
Such as can joy in blood new-spilt,
In the assassin's steel *ungilt*
With its accustom'd gain,
For crime's sake glorying in the crime
But shrinks at that reproach sublime!

Then be it yours, like guardians fair
Around our island-shores,
To spurn the snarer, and the snare:
How many a heart-dictated prayer
Shall every hour be yours!
How many a radiant shield of Heaven
To your young bosoms shall be given!

How many a hallow'd ray be sent
  To guide your steps aright!
To keep them ever heaven-ward bent,
Till to the stainless firmament
  Your spirits take their flight,
And in the radiant realms above
Ye know the untainted joys of love

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Is moonlight sweet upon the stream?
  Are dews all lovely on the rose?
I know where rests a lovelier beam,
  I know where brighter drops repose;
On friendship's gentle eye and cheek,
Shine light and tears song cannot speak.

Is Araby beloved, because
  The hundred-leaved flower blooms there?
I know a heart where love's flower blows,
  A thousand times more sweet, and fair,
And spreads a perfume through the sky,
Of home, more sweet than Araby!

Hath music's voice a seraph-power
  To soothe, to cheer, to thrill the breast?
I know a lone, and lovely bower,
  Where one is heard to do this best;
Tis where affection wakes the tone,
And tells me it is all my own!

St. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Have ye seen the queen of the western deep?
Know ye St. Michael's sea-girt steep?
Have ye gazed on her castle-crested brow?
Have ye looked from her rocks on the waves below?
Oh! if ye have not, ye have missed a sight,
Fair as ocean holds in her realms of light;
Yes, fair as the isles of the Eastern clime,
Tho' bright with the beams of the morn in her prime,
And graced with the legends, and relics of time;
She is beautiful ever, in the day-light high,
When the waves are serene and blue as the sky,
Around her base, and an emerald gem
She seems, set in a sapphire diadem.
She is beautiful, ever when the gold of eve
Doth its brightest tints round her summits weave,
Or steals the sun-given hues away,
And wraps her brow in a veil of grey.
When twilight broods o'er the ocean wide,
And above shines palely the galaxy's tide,
And the stars, like the night's bright watch, are set,
Or friends for some heavenly council met;
Oh still she is lovely, oh still her form
Darkly defined, like the cloud of the storm,

Against the horizon's deepen'd blue,
Has majesty and beauty too.
But oh! she is fairest in moonlight's hours,
When her brow seems wreath'd with silver flowers,
And the soft light floats like a mantle o'er
A robe of heaven from all earth-soil pure;
And the gentle waves, like her children, play
Around her feet in the gladdening ray.
Oh, then she is loveliest, oh, then she seems
Fit haunt for fancy's sweetest dreams;
Unchained from earth, begirt with the deep,
Calm as the heavens when tempests sleep,
She seems Imagination's land,
Or the resting-place of some heavenly band.
Then may ye people her turrets high,
With the forms of beauty and chivalry;
Then may ye image the glistening lance,
And the plumed helm in the moonbeams dance,
And see the glittering form of the knight
Clasp in farewell his lady bright;
Here from behind the dark-mossed rock,
The last soft sigh that from love's lips broke,
And deem the fisher's distant bark,
Is watched by an eye with tear-drops dark,
And followed by the young heart's sigh,
Borne on the night-gale mournfully.

Or, lifting more the veil of time,
Behold, upon the mountain's brow,

The proud Arch-Druid sit sublime
And sweep his harp, and hear the flow
Of music from its fountain come,
Freshly, and sweetly, through the gloom ;
Now in the mingled strain
Of sorrow, and of wrath,
That mourned Iceni's queen, and daughters slain,
And cursed the conqueror's path,
And on the wings of prophecy
Borne to the veiled futurity,
Saw from its shadowy mount, in vengeance hurl'd,
Back to his Seven Hills the King-bird of the WORLD.

Now in that deeper lay,
That mourn'd their own decay,
Their sacrifices quench'd, their altars overthrown,
Slow—solemn—melancholy,
As when the theme is holy,
Yet hopeless, like first love, and to be breathed *alone!*
And now all faint and dying,
As the Druid's soul were flying
On that last breath away,
As if the pitying Heaven,
Its own kind hand had given,
And gently loosed the minstrel from his clay.
Or gazing still on scenes beyond
The flood of years, (time's rolling billows,)
Call forth by history's magic wand,
Forms that seem born on vision's pillows,

The panting chieftain hie to war;
Yonder behind his iron car,
Its dread scythes gleaming in the beam,
Soon to be red in comfort's stream,
Clasp'd is his bride in one embrace.
Dash'd the proud tear from his stained face,
And he is flashing in the tide,
And quickly gains the landward side.
And onward, onward, the chariot wheels
Urges along the yielding sands:—
In thought the Roman victor kneels,
The galleys burn along the strands,
Or with wild Terror's haste are launched for distant lands.

Or, farther, farther yet, when none
Or painted warrior, Druid-priest,
Or knight, or maid, or hermit lone,
Here found a home or place of rest.
When thou an Island-solitude,
Above the dark-blue waters stood,
Risen like Love's own radiant queen,
All beautiful, but yet unloved,
Because thou wert unseen.
And then a sigh my heart hath moved,
That thou wert not for *ever* so,
That e'er thy sacred soil should know,
(Shut out from earth,) its stains, and woe.
But oh! the blood-drop and the tear,
Have both, have both thick fallen here;

War, and sorrow! have they not
Found a path to every spot,
Loftiest hill or lowest grot?
Is there a mountain-height so high
Its cloud-veiled summits prop the sky,
Can bar their way?—So wide an ocean,
Swept by the loudest storm's commotion,
Can scare them from their purpose dark?
No, onward, onward to their mark,
Borne on the tempest's wings they fly,
The tempest's wings their joyous car,
'Twill do the work of war,—
Death, death,—as fearfully!

Yes, mount of beauty! the rude scenes
Of strife and blood have stain'd thy soil,
But now that Time's grey mantle screens
Their darker shades, we yet may smile
While in the verdure of thy green
Fair summer beams with glance serene,
And thoughts upon the heart may press,
Of visionary happiness.
Forgetting yonder lofty towers
Are wealth's hereditary bowers.
Sweet Island of the West!
Oh, oft hath deem'd my burdened spirit,
That thou wouldst be a lovely home,
The dearest place of rest,

To one who did the Druid's art inherit,
  And had no wish to roam.
What music would he make to thee,
Thy moss-crown'd crags, and moaning sea,
Thy evenings beaming beauteously,
  Around each rocky dome ;—
But oh! one heart must still be there,
To make thee all, *all* sweet and fair,
  A minstrel's *perfect* home,
A heart, a heart, like hers or his,
Then thou wouldst be an Isle of Bliss.

STANZAS.

Lov'st thou not the beam of stars?
  Lov'st thou not the moan of ocean?
Spurn'st thou not life's clayey bars,
When the world's low-minded jars
  Interrupt the pure emotion
These are bringing to thy breast,
Of the heaven's own joys a taste?

Yes—I see it in thine eye,
  Bright with mind and sacred feeling;—
All the life, and purity
Of those powers that cannot die,
  That soft heaven-raised orb's revealing;—
Oh, how sweet it is to be
Mingling thus my thoughts with thee.

Oft be ours this lovely grot,
  Floor'd with shells, by billows bounded;
Oft we'll wander to this spot,
Blessed all in friendship's lot,
  When by evening's shades surrounded,
Blending here our spirits all,
As if freed from earthly thrall.

Yes, tho' swiftly hastes the hour
When the fates our forms shall sever,
By sweet memory's magic power,
(Choicest gem in friendship's dower!)
Still we here shall meet for ever!
Feel each clasp, each tear's bright streaming
Warm as 'neath this last night's beaming.

ON BEHOLDING A BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-KNOWN SEA PROSPECT.

How altogether lovely! what a glow
Of gold around the sky, and on the sea.
Yon glorious, gorgeous sunset canopy
Is worthy of this paradise below.
This prospect is no stranger unto me;
Mine eye can claim acquaintance with each hue,
Oft seen before: yet, as on novelty
I gaze intent, oh, magic memory!
Thou fixest thus my gaze upon the view,
And drawing feelings out in bitter tears,
Thy long-resisted influence appears
Too much—too much, I will not, must not weep.
Scene of the beauteous land, and glorious deep,
Once more, once more, we part—perchance for years:—
Let me bear from thee, as from some loved friend,
Lessons that make me worthy here to bend
With memory's sweetness o'er thee; the wild storm
Hath oft assailed thy lonely castle's form,
Sacred Pendennis! yet thou standest still,
Braving the blast awaked at Heaven's will.
And calm, and lovely smiles the azure deep,
As if it ne'er had felt a tempest's sweep:—
I have had clouds and storm-blasts round me too,
But oh, I will be *firm* and *calm* as you.

KINDRED MINDS.

List, list the music of the winds!
  Gaze, gaze upon the soft moonlight!
Are not our minds sweet kindred minds?
  How we both love this lovely night!

Hark, hark, that strain, is it not sweet?
  I see its power in that bright tear;
In this, in this, our bosoms meet,
  The same sweet strain to both is dear.

Read, read this tale, a tale of wrong,
  And faithful love's base injury;
Ah indignation chains thy tongue,
  'Twas thus, its power was shewn o'er me.

Hark! at the door misfortune pleads,
  A way-worn traveller asks a home?
Can we but go where pity leads,
  And welcome to our humble dome?

Thou clasp'st me closer to thy breast;
  What makes thee now so dear to me?
Oh, have we not both, both been blest
  In soothing others' misery?

Thou gazest on the star-bright heaven,
  With Heaven's own radiance in thine eye,
And the same wish to both is given;—
  Oh grant that we may meet on high!"

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FOREGOING.

Sweet dream of happiness! yet stay,
Why vanish with the sinking lay;
As with the gale-tones of the night,
The spirits of the blest, and bright?

The song, the moonlight, and the tale,
Are here, and want's complaining wail;
But none, oh! none to share with me,
The radiance or the minstrelsy.

None, none to give or take the meed
That waits upon compassion's deed;
None, none to share that happiness'
O'erflow, when we another bless.

None, none to glance with me an eye
Of sacred hope to yonder sky,
And whisper "all our sorrows o'er,
We there shall meet to part no more!"

And why is this, and is there none,
No reason why I'm left alone?
And would not earth seem far too dear,
If my soul's soul were with me here?—

Yes, yes, and hence it is denied,
And the world made a desert wide,
That the heart-prayer may ever come,
"Oh take me to the eternal home!"

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. TOWNSHEND.*

HARK! far o'er the breast of ocean
Sweeps the dark wing of the storm,
Like a war-host set in motion,
On the waters rush, their form
Prouder, loftier appearing,
Crested waves on waves uprearing,
Threat the shore to which they're steering,
Spreading terror's wild alarm.

Roars, like conqueror's voice, the thunder,
Leaps the lightning from the cloud,
Like a prison rent asunder
By the form it strove to shroud,
Flashing from its dusky dwelling,
First the hated roof assailing,
Then o'er all beside prevailing,
Scattering every turret proud.

---

*The lady of the Reverend J. Townshend, Marazion, whose benevolent zeal in the sacred design of obviating the detestable system of hereditary slavery in the West Indies, deserves the warmest praise. Would to Heaven that every Cornish, or rather every *British* heart were animated with the same.

Blacker grows the moonless midnight,
  Blacker grows the beamless deep,
Darkness, like a hell-wrought mantle,
  Wraps creation in its sweep;
Takes in all—the far horizon,
The mid vault, the earth, it lies on;
All—as if in one-wide prison,
  Earth, Sky, Ocean it would keep!

Hark! the billow echoes louder,
  Loftier rears its blacken'd crest:
Hark! the thunder's voice is prouder
  As it all the earth addressed!
Fiereer, quicker come the flashes,
As they'd lay the earth in ashes;—
Every wave that shore-ward dashes,
  Seems to fire the cavern's breast!

What is heard amid the roaring
  Of the billow and the blast,
As if thousand shrieks were pouring
  Death's wild agony?—'tis past—
Watch the next blue lightning's gleaming
O'er the roaring surges streaming—
Mark!—oh heaven's, oh mercy's beaming,
  Tis a bark's engulphing mast!

Where was the sweet heaven's compassion
On the wanderers of the deep?
Heard it not love's supplication?
Saw it not the orphan weep?—
For *this* bark *no* prayer ascended,
Round it *no* affections blended,
None in danger's hour extended
Thought, or trembling hope to keep.

It was thronged by men disowning
Nature's feelings, nature's ties;
It was thronged by men dethroning
Mercy's angel from her skies;
Those who child and parent sever,
Lover from beloved for ever,
Friend from soul-knit friend, oh never
More to meet each others' eyes!

Did they kneel to Heaven to shield them,
In this night of storm and death?
Heaven could *not* such succour yield them,
For its own avenging breath,
In that tempest round them hovered
Ocean's gaping gulphs uncovered,
Sounded in each wave that smother'd,
Every death cry gasp'd beneath.

And is there no tempest waiting
  Those dark bosoms, who retain
Yet, with rigour unabating,
  Afric's children in the chain?
Yes, ye dungeon isles! it lours
Now around your rulers' bowers;—
Speed the retributive hours,
  In Heaven's own appointed train.

Britain! Oh! our bosoms' glory
  Haste thee to avoid its wrath!
Let it not be writ in story,
  That o'er THEE it took its path.
Shalt THOU sink amongst its slaughters?
Glorious Empress of the Waters!—
Free thy sable sons and daughters,
  Where thy rule the power hath.

Not amid thine own dear valleys,
  On thy sacred soil alone,
Proud among those *island-galleys*,
  Let thy hallow'd power be known;
Burst those clanking chains asunder,
Let thy voice of Justice thunder,
Mercy's then *not one tone under*,
  For thee shall plead at Heaven's throne.

TO SOLITUDE.

Delightful, blessed Solitude!
Now I am thine,
And thou art mine,
None shall upon our bliss intrude.

'Tis evening, 'tis our own lov'd hour;
'Tis moonlight, our own beauteous light,
And minstrelsy its sweetest power
Sheds on us both to-night.

There's music for us in the breeze,
There's music for us in the sea;
Sweet music in the sighing trees,
Thine own lov'd melody.

For still thou love'st the forest best;
The ocean, and the rocky shore;
And I do own my soul most blest,
There the wild song to pour.

But there we cannot roam this eve,
Come to my lonely chamber now;
Come, soothe this heart's tumultuous heave,
And still this throbbing brow—

Bring with thee thoughts, sweet thoughts and holy,
Of joy, and liberty, and peace,
And if not these, dear melancholy—
We know her mood can please.

I have a song for her and thee,
Thy pale-browed daughter, lovely still;
I have a tear I'll give it free,
And my lone bosom's thrill.

Come—let us share this precious hour,
Shut out, shut out the hateful world;
Oh, would that some impervious bower
Were ever round me curl'd!

Then wert thou mine for ever,
Sweet, holy, blessed solitude!
And none, oh! none should sever,
None on my bliss intrude.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A WIDOWED MOTHER,

ON THE

DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

Where is the eye
Like a summer sky?
Where is the cheek of rose-like beauty?
Where is the smile
Like a cherub's wile,
That smoothed the path of care and duty?

Babe of my breast!
They are in thy rest,
They are in the deep grave where I laid thee;
I shall see no more
Till life's toils are o'er,
And the same dark canopy shall shade me.

But I will not mourn
While I clasp thine urn,
Tho' the cold, cold marble chills my bosom;
Oh no! Oh no!
For from every woe
Thou art harbour'd safe, my stainless blossom.

Thou art harboured safe;
No storms shall chafe,
No power, my loveliest one, shall harm thee;
No passion's sting
Thy bosom wring,
No pleasure to destruction charm thee!

Thou hast 'scaped them all
Ere thou felt a thrall,
Ere thou felt the chain of clay around thee;
Thou hast, scaped from sin,
From the dart within
Ere thou knew it had the power to wound thee.

Oh! a life so blessed,
And a death so dressed
In the hovering robe of instant glory,
It were sin to dread,
It were sin to shed
But the sweetest tears o'er thy life's brief story.

While thy cherub frame
Bore a daughter's name,
It seem'd most sweet to be a mother,
But thy heavenly Sire
Would raise thee higher,
And bade me selfish sorrow smother.

I have yielded thee
In his bower to be,
I behold thee on his breast reclining;
Base were my heart
If I could not part,
To ensure *thy* bliss, without repining.

Tho' while I recall
Thy beauties all,
Thy accents and thy smiles endearing,
Like a twining flower
Round a wither'd bower,
My dreary heart so sweetly cheering;

Perchance, the tear,
May, unbid, appear,
Through these burning lids for a moment stealing
It quickly dries,
When I turn mine eyes
To those heavens where thou such joy art feeling.

And I heave no sigh
At the bleeding tie
Of my desert breast that was rent from round thee;
But my prayer I pour,
For the blessed hour
When a rest like thine, sweet, shall be found me!

STANZAS.

I love the green heights where the sun-beams are shining,
  I love the calm vale where the moon-rays repose;
I love the sweet bower where wood-bines are twining,
  But the smile of sweet friendship is dearer than those.

I love the soft gale of the bright summer even,
  Oh, dear to my heart are its breathings of peace,
And the sweet tones of music, like whispers from Heaven
  Can bid every tumult of passion to cease:—

But there is one voice more belov'd than the breathing
  Of music's soft tones o'er a halcyon sea,
More sweet than the gales that all perfumes are wreathing,
  As they fly from the shores of the blest Araby.

Know ye the voice that such sweetness bestoweth?
  'Tis the voice of the friend that through life shall endure,
Whose heart through his lips unconstrainedly floweth,
  A pure radiant stream from a fountain as pure.

Thine is that voice, more beloved than any
  That e're claimed this name to this care-stricken breast;
Friend of my soul—my own soul—oh! how many—
  How many sweet ties in this one are possess'd!

THE MINSTREL MAID TO THE WARRIOR.

Oh! go not to the field of war,
Or let me share its toils with thee;
And tell me not the land is far,
And holds no bower for minstrelsy;—
There is no bower of song for me,
No land beloved but where thou art;
There, tho' Earth's dreariest wild it be,
'Twould bloom an Eden to my heart.

Oh I would watch thy tent by night,
And guard thy bosom all the day;
Thy shield be in the hour of fight,
Thy Minstrel when 'twas past away;—
Oh, who could breathe so sweet a lay,
Or tell thy glorious deeds so well?
For Love would give each song its sway,
And all its notes of triumph swell!

And who so well could die for thee,
As one who longs to be at rest,
And asks no other memory,
But to be graven on thy breast?

And who among the spirits blest
  Would watch thee with a fonder care?
Oh! who, when grief thy heart oppress'd,
  Would sweeter, heavenlier solace bear?

Or if there be who loved before,
  And gain'd that happiest destiny,
Already on the heavenly shore,
  One bliss at least remains for me,
To see pure angels' cares for thee,
  To mark how thou art loved above,—
Beheld, with feelings anguish-free,
  Since nought could from my own remove.

TEARS, A FRAGMENT.

THERE is no weakness in the tear
  That's shed in secret—No, 'tis when
The world hath seen, the world's base ear
  Hath heard the sigh, 'tis weakness *then*,
Whatever by its jaundiced eye
  Has e'er been gazed on, loses all
Its brightness, and its purity,
  And takes a portion of its gall!
The heavenly drops of charity
The eye of Heaven alone should see;
Shew to the world! and they shall turn
  To such as Nile's dark monsters shed,
And thy pure ardent heart the urn,
  Where vile deception's arts are bred.
Love's tear of concealed bitterness,
Oh! in the most retired recess,
That must be shed, and let no trace
Be seen on thy averted face;
The very heart that brought it there,
The very lip will scorn thy care,
The eye whose heartless coldness wrung,
And the unfeeling, thoughtless tongue,
Will mark it as thou passest by,
And pay thee with their mockery.

And stain thy cheek with tints of shame,
For holding in thy heart a flame,
The eyes of angels scarce can blame!
And meek Repentance—oh thy tear,
Drawn by the very power of Heaven,
From thy wrung heart, oh let it ne'er
To any other eye be given.
Mark—if the world behold, and thou
Shalt err again, each crystal drop
Will taint thy guilt with deeper glow;
And tears sweet angels deigned to stoop
From heaven, to bear with brightest smiles
Of joy to their pure bowers above,
The world's malignant eye, the wiles
Of base hypocrisy shall prove
On tears, sweet sacred tears.
Let, let no eye of earth intrude,
They must be shed in *Solitude*.

SUGGESTED BY THE RUMOUR OF GENERAL BOLIVAR'S INTENTION TO RESIDE IN ENGLAND.

My country! Oh my glorious land,
The home, the birth-place of the free!
Oft have I felt my soul expand
With pride, with joy at thought of thee;
Oft blessed my glorious destiny,
That made me daughter of thine isle;
Oft bowed to Heaven the fervent knee,
To ask for thee its ceaseless smile.

I deem thee fairer than the shores
That bask beneath the southern ray,
Richer than realms of golden ores,
And wider, loftier in thy sway,
Than those who bade a world obey;
Who stretched a sceptre o'er the deep,
Like Eden's flaming sword each way,
Power's Paradise untouched to keep.

For thou seem'st bright with every charm
  That glory makes, or happiness;
All that young fancy's soul can warm,
  And all that warmer hearts can bless,
The hallow'd refuge from distress,
  Of freedom's sons, from every land;
The shelter to which nations press,
  When faction waves her flaming brand.

Such hast thou been! and such shalt be,
  While thou art girt by ocean's zone;
But now a glory waits for thee,
  Of all that deck'd before, the crown;
Yes, when the gems of thy renown
  Thy unborn sons shall number o'er,
Deed after deed of glory, won
  With toil and blood on many a shore;—

This voluntary gift, above
  The rest in their glad gaze shall rise,
As tributes of a brother's love,
  Beyond the trophy forced we prize;—
Yes, when the flush of conquest flies
  From the proud eye and lofty brow,
This thought shall tinge with lovelier dyes,
  And bid a holier tear-drop flow.

Oh, England! Glory of the free!
Shield of the weak! Dread of the strong!
Hath fame more glorious names for thee
On warrior's lip, or minstrel's song?
Yes—one more glorious ere long
Shall with these sacred titles twine,
More blessed by the warrior's tongue,
And dearer to thy minstrel's line.

Thou shalt be called the CHOSEN HOME
Of the FIRST PATRIOT, BOLIVAR;
The temple to which he did come,
To rest him from the toils of war:
And prove to that cold land a-far,
That ingrate land he fought to free,
His one presiding natal star,
Was the pure star of Liberty!

Here shall he dwell, and nobly prove
How deep his spirit drank the ray,
How pure, how lofty was the love
He bore his land; how scorned the sway
Of throne and sceptre; who dared say,
Reckless of shame, to honor lost,
He aim'd to make his deeds a way
To royalty's unneeded post?—

Weak, false, ungrateful spirits all!
  Could they not *feel* him far more high
Than if he held a world in thrall
  By the gold links of sovereignty;
When rose the shout "Columbia's free!"
  Thundered from either ocean's shore,
Seem'd not their glorious chief to be
  A being that to bow before

Were scarce idolatry, thus given
  To one who imaged heaven on earth;
A sin for which they might be shriven,
  Mistaking for celestial birth,
One who came like an angel forth,
  And burst their thraldom's bitterest chain;
Oh! was a monarch's title worth
  Half, half he in that hour did gain?

Why change they now?—HE is the same,
  His soul as much above a crown,
As Heaven's above an earthly flame;
  Can it add aught to his renown?
King Bolivar! doth his soul own
  So proud a rapture in the word,
As SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY! known
  Where'er that country's name is heard?

Sound this with monarchs' titles high,
As ever cursed or blest a realm,
Who would exchange the melody?
How doth its majesty o'erwhelm
All others, and to shame condemn!
Of this they *never* can deprive,
And this doth make the *Diadem*
A bauble for which babes would strive!

Yes, he feels this, and noblest scorn
Alone can swell that noble breast,
Of all those thoughts injurious borne
By traitor-hearts against its rest:
Amidst them all, serenely blest,
In virtue's conscious dignity
Secure, like eagle in his nest,
From all the storms that shake the sky.

But wheresoe'er his footsteps turn,
The bosom flame of patriot-love,
Despite of wrongs, shall ever burn,
All other ardours far above:
And to each doubting spirit prove,
Where'er his land of exile be,
His soul, Columbia, ne'er can rove,
Nor cease its parent-cares for thee!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING EVENING.

Yes, *this is* evening: there are gems
  Glittering upon each flowret fair;
They bend with dewy diadems,
  And smile as if well-pleased to wear.

Yes, *this is* evening: there are hues
  Of sunlight glowing in the sky,
But soft as rainbow-tinctured dews,
  And mix'd, like them, in harmony.

Yes, *this is* evening: there are airs
  Soft as the breath of music round;
The bosom of the ocean wears
  A calm, as if enchantment bound.

Yes, *this is* evening: there is thought
  And feeling full arising now,
With all the soft hour's sweetness fraught,
  The power of song is weak to show.

Yes, *this is* evening: memory's shrine
Is now adorned in many a breast;
Now blush the buds, the tendrils twine,
Of hours, past hours that deeply blest.

Yes *this is* evening: tears of bliss
Are now bedewing many a cheek;
Why, in such beauteous eve as this,
Forbear my lips of joy to speak?

Tho' none be near me now to say,
"This is a beauteous evening,"
There *have been* such, tho' far away,
Whose forms I to this hour can bring;

Whose soft tones of affection past,
Will never sink from fancy's ear,
Nor cease to claim, while memory last,
The tribute of an evening tear.

STANZAS.

Bear on my soul, that pang is past,
  Another comes to pierce thy breast!
But on, thou wilt have peace at last,
  Yes, yes thou wilt have rest!

Bear on—it is a path of thorns,
  But shrink not from their piercing stings,
Scarcely one flower thy path adorns,
  One bud a fragrance flings.

But thou hast ceased, thou long hast ceased
  To hope for joy in earthly bowers,
Vain as amid the Arab-waste,
  To search for dew-wash'd flowers.

Thou on the wilderness hast gazed,
  'Till 'tis no wilderness to thee,
On storms and lightnings round that blazed,
  'Till it was joy to see.

Still on, still on, this is the mood,
The glorious mood of spirit high,
Of bosom pierced, but unsubdued
By this world's misery.

Oh life, life, life! I love thee not,
Thou cold, cold, dark and cheerless wild;
But no, I will not mourn my lot,
See, see, no tear hath fill'd.

No, no, no tear these eyes have known,
No sigh, no sigh this bosom heaved;
I am not as the marble-stone,
But yet I have not grieved—

Said, said I that? false, falsest boast,
The dimming drops are rising now;
But no, their bound they have not crossed,
Not o'er my cheek they flow.

Enough, it is no shame to feel,
No weakness to receive the blow,
'Tis only when beneath we kneel,
That shame's deep blush should glow.

THE MINSTREL'S MALISON AND BENISON.

"A minstrel's malison is said."

BENISON.

'Twas a wild autumnal eve,
  Cold and moaning came the blast,
O'er the ocean's fitful heave,
  Sad replying as it past.

Rocks were round me dark and wild,
  But the moon-beams sweetly shone,
Where the ruggedest were pil'd;
  And, like a companion
Of a gentler aspect, gave
  Mildest radiance to their brow,
While the dashing of the wave,
  Fitful music made below.

'Twas an hour for hearts to tell
  All the secret griefs they feel;
For the music of the shell
  Forth from its pearl caves to steal:

For the spirit to reveal
All that tortured and oppressed;
For the bosom to unseal
All the feelings that distressed.

'Twas an hour to send the swell
From the bard's majestic strings,
Freely as from mountain cell
Gush the just-unfettered springs;
Fearlessly the soul to pour,
Through the deeply sounding chords;
And beside the ocean's roar,
Thus were heard a minstrel's words.

Rocks of my beloved land!
Waves of her unbounded sea!
Winds that can alone withstand
Her domain, the only free!
Tho' she scorn to list to me,
Yet I fain would reach her ear,
For, in love's fidelity,
I my fearful burden bear!

Memories are upon my soul,
Tales of rapine, rage, and wrong;
Feelings I cannot control,
Force themselves into my song.

On my heart and fancy throng,
  Deeds of long departed years,
And to thee such strains belong,
  Minstrels breathe with wildest tears.
Yet they may not shroud their power,
  When such impulse o'er them comes,
Watchers on the warning tower,
  Prophets of approaching glooms.

Hear, then, ye that proudly stand!
  Hear, then, ye that brightly flow!
Ye that heaven's blue arch command!
  Wheresoe'er your voices blow;
Bear ye, warm as it doth glow
  From the heart that breathes the tone,
Fervently as love's first vow,
  This her minstrel's malison.

Cursed be the steely heart
  That ne'er felt another's woe;
Cursed be the frozen breast
  That ne'er made another's glow.

Cursed be the Despot's soul,
  That another seeks to bind;
Frame or limb that would enthrall,
  But, oh! most the God-giv'n MIND!

Cursed be the hand that wields
Weapon in unholy war;—
Oh! as curs'd as he that yields
Victim to the Murderer!

Cursed be the lip that's dumb
In the cause of the oppressed;
O'er it may shame's silence come,
When *itself* would be redressed.

Cursed be the recreant heart,
That another can deceive,
Most accursed of all, whose art,
Love's confiding breast can leave.
Never may that spirit base,
Know affection's heavenly power;
Never know the happiness
Of a friend in sorrow's hour.

Oh! my harp must linger here,
Yes—and deepen every tone;—
I will accents mingle drear,
Wrung from many a bosom's groan.
From the suicide's last moan,
From the maniac mother's shriek,
From those throbs that one by one,
The lone father's heart-strings break!

From the pale consumpive's breast
  Withering secret, silently;—
In its anguish unexpressed,
  Unimagined misery!

From the flushed and fever'd brow,
  Tortured with unslumbering thought,
Leaning, bearing patient now,
  Now to transient madness wrought.
From those accents anguish-fraught,
  Bursting from the quivering lip,
Only by the lone ear caught,
  Bending from the eternal steep.
From the bosom taught to feel,
  By the mighty power of song,
More than song can e'er reveal,
  Never yielding it a tongue;
Hiding in its depths the wrong,
  'Till the marble brow disclose,
'Neath the smile it wore so long,
  There were life-consuming woes.'

Ceased the harp but in her eye,
  Floating deep in burning tears,
Flash'd the light of prophesy,
  Piercing through the mist of years.

O'er the lofty rock I bent,
  Gazing on the inspired form ;
While with looks all heaven-ward sent,
  Seem'd she listening for the storm.

Straight descended from above,
  Floating on the silver air ;
Came a voice like notes of love,
  Sweet as it can ever bear.

Let (it said) such strains no more
  From these radiant strings be known ;
Hearts that have these actions bore,
  Need no minstrel's malison.

Cursed, oh ! enough they are,
  Could'st thou see the inward soul,
Where the madding passions war,
  Reckless of the Heaven's control :

Could'st thou see the cold, proud heart,
  The ambitious, the betraying,
Those that act the tyrant's part,
  Those with sword for sceptre swaying,

His, base gold's idolator,
  His, the crowned and sceptred slave;
His that lets oppression war,
  With the laws that Heaven gave:

His that with deception wrings,
  Friendship's, love's confiding breast,
Oh! they feel ten thousand stings,
  Words have never half expressed.

Waste not, then, the glowing strain
  On the *self-accursed* breast;—
In their venom and their stain,
  Let the herd of serpents rest.

'Tis vile task for music sweet,
  Tiger's howl, and viper's hiss
In her accents to repeat,
  Given alone for breathing *bliss*—

Leave we this degenerate throng;
  Wake to holier strains the lyre,
Heavenly shall be the song,
  Strike the harp, and I'll inspire!

Blessed be the gentle breast,
  That the griefs of others feels;
Ever undisturbed the rest,
  Of the heart that sorrow heals.

Bless'd the spirit that can scorn
  Sceptre, diadem, domain;
Save the glittering weight is worn,
  His loved country's weal to gain.

Oh, how blessed then is he,
  Whose bright name is heard from far,
Sounding o'er the deep-blue sea,
  Ever-glorious BOLIVAR!

Blessed all the glowing soul,
  Carving its own lofty path,
To bright fame and virtue's goal,
  Spite of warring tempests' wrath.

And when that exalted steep,
  He with ceaseless toil doth gain,
Bless'd to sink in death's sweet sleep,
  Oh! how bless'd was CANNING then.

Both are bless'd, but onward now,
For the tears bedew thine eye;
Chase those shadows from thy brow,
Must not Virtue bow to *die*?

Yes, it must, to make its worth
In the doubting world be known;
Trembled not the ingrate earth,
'Till it heard its Maker's groan;

And till Virtue's Sons *expire*
In the service of mankind,
They *disown* the hallow'd fire,
That illumed, that *form'd* the mind.

Onward—yet enough remains
For the blessings of the lyre;
Yes, enough to fill the strains
Of thy Country's minstrel-choir.

Name them not—tho' Wilson's* soul
Claim the ever-grateful lay,

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* Sir Robert Wilson, M.P. to whom the writer feels it a duty, ad therefore hopes he will pardon it, to make this feeble but

There will come an hour to roll,
Strains that better may repay.

Name them not 'till ripening time
All the glorious tints disclose,
All the purposes sublime,
That in either breast repose.

Noble hearts need not our songs
To impel the noble deed,
But when it is *done*, belongs
To their hearts the *choicest* meed.

Still enough remains below
That aspirant steep of fame,
To invoke the constant flow
Of sweet blessing on their name.

Blessed be the lip that breathes
Fearless hatred of the chain
That his fellow-man enwreathes
In *hereditary* pain.

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sincere acknowledgment of the friendship with which he has honoured her; trusting that a future opportunity will be granted, in the production which he has generously consented to patronise, more appropriately to honour a name so dear to the admirers of Public and Private virtue.

Oh! if he shall free but *one*,
One of Britain's sable sons;
He hath prayers and feelings won,
Worth ten thousand benisons!

Let me dwell upon the theme;
Bless'd shall be his evening hearth,
Bless'd to him the morning's beam,
Glorious his name on *earth*.
Glorious his name on EARTH!
Shall that glory be *alone*?
No—it shall its record's worth
Find when earth itself hath NONE!

Are there none the grateful strain
May with deeper feeling name?
Heard you not o'er India's main,
Breathed the name of Buckingham?
Mark him with unceasing aim,
Bless'd with soul no wrongs can bow,
Kindling freedom's glorious flame,
All the joyous nations through!

Yes, the bright torch of his mind
Gleams amid the eastern night,
Despot power whate'er it bind,
Never yet could fetter *light*.

Still as from a nobler height,
  Waves it o'er each Indian land,
With a glow of lustre bright,
  Chains can never long withstand.
Soon the peopled earth shall view
  Every fetter melt away,
Like a play-thing chain of dew,
  In the sun's advancing ray.
But we hasten now to pay
  Our heart-breathed benisons,
To one more of the array,
  Beautiful of virtue's sons.

Blessed all, (for well I know
  Hangs thy heart upon the strain,)
He who feels the constant glow
  Of affection's fires remain;
He who in the prison-chain,
  Or the golden palace-hall,
Would his fealty retain,
  Never owning other thrall.
Yes, high heaven pronounces this,
  This pure soul supremely bless'd;
Fitted for its realm of bliss,
  For the land of love and rest.

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS.

A TALE OF CARN-BRÆ.

There is a consecrating power in song
And adoration of Divinity,
However mix'd with superstition strong,
And dark, distain'd with deeds of cruelty,
That makes the spot the minstrels trod on dear;
While o'er the victims of their faith severe,
The eye, illumed by truth, may drop its brightest tear.

Has any of my readers ever contemplated Carn-bræ in a still, moonlight night, when its cap of clouds has been doffed, as if in compliment to the lunar queen, and its stony bosom expanded, as it would seem to a "fanciful view," to catch all her silvery smiles? I cannot say,

"Oh! if you have not, you have missed a sight,
Fair as ocean holds in her realms of light;"

but certainly as solemn and imposing as any hill clad in the robes of moonlight can present; and a hill in moonlight, (be it remembered) is one of the most striking objects which

moonlight offers; flowers are closed, faces are but dimly seen, though let it be owned, *en passant*, that in that dimness they are frequently far more interesting, than in the glare of day. Those who like to account for this seeming anomaly may say, that, then all defects are made visible, and there is no room for the imagination of that beauty with which one frequently clothes the passing countenance beneath the soft-beamed orb; so that if she steals her lustre from the sun, from her is again borrowed by mortals a light more lovely than the sun bestows on them: the rays seem to undergo some refining process in her bosom, whose influence is visible on every object on which she sheds them. But again, trees are far from striking in moonlight, unless met in long avenues, or congregated in deep woods, like those of Trereife or Tolcarne in my neighbourhood. Single, solitary trees, are, to my fancy, like the deserted step-children of nature, kept from the society of their kind, and I have often thought would make a much more cheerful figure beside the furze-bushes in the wide kitchen-hearth. A hill, then, I think I have proved is one of the most picturesque objects beneath the *moon*—Say not that I forget the ocean, I rather turn away from the claims of the "glorious deep," lest they turn me aside from my purpose; for once upon its shores, the invisible chain of enchantment steals over the wings of fancy, and they can only hover there. But apart from the ocean, a hill stands up as it were alone before you, and seems to claim your gaze *solely*; and not only yours, but the glances of the skies also, for there they most broadly and

brightly rest. But Carn-bræ is a more than common hill—it is much loftier than any in its immediate neighbourhood; from its summit may be beheld in clear weather the North Channel, "like a dark azure fringe on the skirts of the day," as was once sung by a nameless rambler there. The thoughts are thence naturally wafted across its waves to the land of Green Erin, and then back to Green Erin's Bard wherever he may be. But again, Carn-bræ is a more than common hill—it is covered with enormous masses of granite, the embryos, you may imagine, of future towns in that mining district, the *honest* fame of which like a true daughter of Cornwall, I trust will extend, and extend, and extend, till it be extended over the world, and wipe off the dark assoil which others have brought upon the name of our beloved County. It is crested, too, with a castle, the origin of which may be traced to the reign of some king, whose name I don't recollect, in the History of Cornwall, I beg pardon, I quite forget whose, and at page——here my memory is equally deficient, but any one who chooses can find out. However, I will not relinquish all claim to antiquarian research; and have discovered upon examination into the more ancient records of nature, which my memory more tenaciously retains, that it arose from some masses of stone near its site, suggesting as they very naturally did, how admirably they were calculated for building. But again, Carn-bræ is a more than common hill—and now I come to the *acme* of its pre-eminence; it has been the Altar of Sacrifices, and the Soil of Song. Though these sacrifices were the tributes of an erring

religion to an unknown God, they have still left a sacredness about the place, doubtless becuuse associated with the ideas of worship; and though those songs were frequently the effusions of mistaken zeal, and the inspiritors to actions at which we now shudder; yet, as they were probably the first teachers of the divine power of poetic language in our country, we must roam over the rocky eminences from which they were poured, with feelings different, and superior to those with which we tread any other devoid of such associations. I have rambled there, and taken strange delight in strange fancies, such as those better skilled than myself in aërial portraiture, would have made pretty phantomical pictures of; half-shaped and half-shapeless—Robes, like those of Ossian's ghosts, composed of the condescending skirts of clouds; beards like the silvery mists of the morning, with many other images of equal delicacy which cannot be made tangible to the rude hand of my fancy. I have sought amongst the legends of the mountain for traditions of such personages, one of an Arch-Druid, a priest, a bard, a vate, or even a Druidess, would have been an acceptable companion in the stony solitude; and at last I found one—Ask me not where, I shall leave that to the imagination. Perhaps under a great sacrificial stone, removed by the magical power of a midnight melody, by a descended bard, who had before informed me of its hiding place in a vision, and made this most gallant appointment to gratify my curiosity, and reward my attachment to the memory of his race: but I utterly refuse to satisfy the inquisitor of ancient

manuscripts: Those who are interested in my tale will be convinced that it is written in the most ancient of all languages, that of nature; and those who are not, will be equally assured that the tongue is as *dead* to them as Hebrew, or Chaldaic.—Now to my story.

It was at the close of the evening that completed seven years after the destruction of the last remnant of the Druidical priesthood in the isle of Anglesea, which it will be recollected was the *last* sanctuary of the order, that a figure, apparently bent with age and infirmities, was seen ascending the sides of Carn-bræ. On nearer view, however, the countenance was evidently less marked with years than mental suffering; the eyes, in particular, yet beamed with a glancing lustre, unusual in the wane of life, and there was in them a repelling dignity of expression, which indicated that amidst the languor of corporeal debility, the mind retained its vigour, and was able to stand on the defensive against the insults of low curiosity. The stranger was clad in a long, dark, plaid garment, with a cloth-hood over the head, the garb that distinguished the brotherhood of that extraordinary order. Beneath the hood, streamed over the shoulders long ringlets of mingled grey and auburn, but the majestic beard was wanting; of this, however, he might have been deprived by the insulting Roman soldiery, who never failed to embitter death or exile by previous insult.

He continued to ascend the eminence with a slow majestic pace, and at length seated himself on one of the principal

excavated rocks, which had served for the altars of immolation. He seemed to gaze around, and pass his hand over the stone in various directions, as if tracing the channels by which the blood of the sacrificed had been transmitted to the earth. He remained thus employed for a considerable time, then left that stone for another, over which the like ceremony was repeated; and in this manner visited all the sacrificial rocks of the hill. He then re-ascended the first, and sat still, and motionless, with his head bent over his bosom, and his countenance completely concealed in the folds of his plaid. Beautiful was the night-sky above him,—and soothing in its deep rest the landscape around; but the wanderer had no eye for either; he seemed to have that loneliness of soul which would exclude nature herself from conpanionship; which would not cast a glance on any charm she could offer; as if all the senses had retired from the exterior frame, and were absorbed in *one*, the deep, hidden *feeling* of the *heart*. Long did he remain so, like the presiding genius of Silence over the sublime scene, for from him, it had no language of admiration. The eye was as mute as the lip, the ear seemed to be insensible to the society of sweet sounds, though the night-breeze whispered around its sweetest melodies. But was the heart as insensible? did the heart range no farther than the eye? heard it not in its deep recess, any sound? Oh, yes! it heard the voices of the beloved of other days, its glance roved over a thousand scenes of the past, and wept tears of blood at every step. None but that heart could speak the retrospection,

or describe the torturing journey. At length the wanderer rose, as if by a violent effort mastering the tumult within; but nature would display itself, he trembled as if shaken by a giant's hand, and threw himself back again on the stony couch. Then was displayed a countenance on which might be traced the vestiges of more than common beauty, a delicacy that belonged not to masculine features; then might it be seen, that "the hair was grey, but not with years;" that the face was pale, but age had nought to do with its blight; that the hand which was pressed on the dark robe, as striving to hold but in one moment's suspension the frame-convulsing beat of the heart, was fair, and exquisitely moulded, as that of the statue of ideal loveliness. The unfortunate wanderer was indeed a female, a priestess of that hapless order which was now swept from the earth; and had assumed the garb that distinguished its fraternity, in order with more safety, or at least with less insult, to pass through the country, and pay a last visit to their ancient dwelling-place.

For the space of several minutes she remained thus prostrate and trembling; then made a second effort to rise, and again fell back, as if overcome by the violence of internal conflict. After a long lapse, the stranger again rose, and this time preserved an external calmness. She leaned against the rock in an attitude that betrayed the adhering grace of nature, amidst the sternness of grief; her long locks floating on the breeze, and glittering in the silver moonlight, and her dark robes folded about her figure like

a dusky cloud. At this moment there was a sound of a wild harp-note heard—again it floated on the air; it was more than the breath of fancy; surely the spirit of some murdered bard had returned to its beloved haunt, to greet the lonely wanderer. The stranger evidently started, and looked anxiously, not fearfully, around the expanse of the hill;—nothing appeared, but concealment was sufficiently easy behind the granite masses, and still the unknown bent a listening ear to the place of the birth of sounds. Again a bolder string was swept, and now a yet bolder;—now it gave place to a cadence of the divinest melancholy, and now came the full tide of mingled voice and instrument, in the following wild and mysterious song.

Where art thou from the isles of the western deep,
With thy robe so dark, and thy hair like snow?
Dost thou in ocean's coral-caves sleep,
Feeds the sea-worm upon thy brow?
Daughter of Gods! is thy spirit near
To see thy father's mortal tear?

I have sought thee long, I have sought thee long,
I have sought thee far, I have sought thee far,
Thou art not among the spirits' throng,
And the vulture hearts that rejoice in war,
Oh! thou wast not of the vulture brood,
And the wolfish tribes that delight in blood.

Thou wast a spirit of softer beam,
  Thine was the dove, or the lambkin's breast;
Thou would'st not snare the eel of the stream,—
  Thou would'st not scare the bird from her nest!
Loveliest wast thou too, gentlest one!
Beam of my spirit! where art thou gone?

I'm amid the scenes of my glories past,
  I'm amid the altars of sacrifice;
But my heart seems touched with the gory blast,
  That o'er the fields of the dying flies;
I feel the breath of the fires that are o'er,
But it lights the flame in my heart no more.

Oh, would I could meet thee, my daughter, here!
  Oh, would I could hear thy voice again!
'Twould be as the music of nightbirds, near,
  When we deem some bard's spirit breathes in the strain,
Some soul of music that passed away,
At the blissful eve of a festive day.

Oh, would I could meet thee! thy form would be,
  As the hallow'd groves to my weary eye,
As the glorious shade of our Emblem Tree,
  As the moonlight beam to the starless sky,
Thou, sole, last, loveliest of Druid race!
Haste to thy father's last embrace.

The tones of the voice and harp ceased together, suddenly, as if both hand and lip had at the same moment refused to perform their office; and now the stranger, with a determination of gesture and step, which seemed ill suited to the feeble frame that made it, advanced towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, a larger and loftier crag of rock than is now to be seen on that celebrated hill; for the ruthless hand of mining or rural architecture has been there, and robbed many a noble mass of its majestic proportions. She had just reached it, when, from behind issued a figure clad in nearly the same garb as herself, but the stature was taller, and the thin hair scattered upon the brow, and appearing lightly strewed on the back of the neck; but above all, the long floating white beard spoke at once of decided age. The strangers met, they gazed a moment upon each other: "my daughter!" "my father!" burst from their lips, but in what different tones. Joy unconstrained, unalloyed, was heard in those of the old man; shrinking fear, though mingled with reverential regard, in' those of the female Druid. "Praise to the Gods!" exclaimed the aged priest, "we have met once more, and at the scene of glories past. This augurs well—thou and I may yet restore our prostrate altars! from this sacred hill shall again ascend the solemn sacrifice, whose accepted offering will bring down the deep vengeance of the Deities we adore upon our cruel invaders! Even their distant land shall feel its wrath—Nero shall fall—Nero, who hath shed the blood of so many of our holy brotherhood, shall fall from the tree

of his power as a withered leaf, as the stone into the torrent which no eye regards—his blood shall flow as the blood of sacrifices, but shall not arise from the earth as theirs, in sweet savour to the Gods. The grave shall swallow it, and never return it any more to stain the earth or pollute the air."——"All the cruel shall fall by their cruelties," solemnly interrupted the Druidess, in a tone of stern prophetic dignity; "let us not speak of Nero—Nero was perhaps commanded by *his* Gods to sacrifice to them, the bards and the priests whom you mourn; he will tell you so—he will tell you he was sent to the islands of the sea to obtain victims, for he durst not sacrifice his *own countrymen*.—The Druids sacrificed their *countrymen*—the Romans dare not do this—they dare not take their beautiful maids, their noble youths—and consume them in the image of a devouring God!" "What, what!" exclaimed the Druid, "do I live to hear my child speak blasphemy? Begone—I regret that I met thee—I regret the song I poured for thee—I mourn, I mourn that I have sought thee."—"Hate me not, father," exclaimed the Druidess, "reproach me not, my life is departing; it is as a bird upon the wing, it will fly away, and be seen no more.—We are the *last* of our race, and we, too, shortly separate, separate for ever—Let us speak to each other the words of truth—It has been revealed to me in the deep midnight, in the visions of the darkest hour, that our sacrifices have been rejected, because we shed *innocent* blood, that for this our country has been visited by the Roman scourge; that to wash out the horrible stain of their

murders, has thy brethren's blood been spilt, that the life-streams of the priest, and the more glorious sons of song have been poured down as the brooklets of the valley.—But these are not enough, these could not wash our country from its stains.—It was further told me, that in a distant land, a better sacrifice has been made; one that shall be accepted for all the blood-stained nations of the earth, for all have sinned as we have done—all have lifted the arm against the God of nature—It was this Great Spirit that sent to me this vision, this Great Spirit whom *we* have disobeyed. Oh, my father! have we not disobeyed him? What was *that* that spoke in our hearts when the victim was quivering beneath the knife? When the yell of death came forth from the rush of the flames? it called aloud, "spare!" it whispered "pity"—*that was the God of nature's voice*, but we would not hear, we turned away from his command, written in our hearts by his own finger—and we are punished. Let us weep for our crimes, for they are great, but our tears will not purify them, it is the blood of the Great Sacrifice that shall do this—oh, my father! before thou diest believe in the Great Sacrifice, or thou will inhabit a body more horrible than the wolf or the vulture—thou wilt roam in darker solitudes than the beasts of blood—the light shall shun to visit thy cavern, the sun shall turn away from it, the Moon shall be blackness to it."

The Druid gazed in awful astonishment, as with her white arms extended towards heaven, she implored that the same spirit would communicate to him that vision which it had

vouchsafed to her. When she had ended her prayer—"Now give me," said she, "the golden urn that contains the ashes of my Elgern, whom you sacrificed on this mountain to obtain the favour of your cruel Gods;—I blame you not, I reproach you not—there is another world, yes, my father, a brighter, a holier, where we shall again meet in fairer forms than those of doves or lambs,* in forms more fit for the spirit which animates these bodies." The Druid drew from beneath his robe a shining vase, which the moonbeams revealed to be richly adorned with workmanship, and resigned it to the hands of the priestess. "Swear to me now," cried she, "that you will on this hill consume my frame, and blend my ashes with the sacred dust contained in this urn—my vow ends with life, in death I would have my reliques blended with his, as our souls will shortly be in eternity.—You sacrificed him here, him whom I loved. I blame you not, I reproach you not, but you know the wood-dove was not so dear to its mate, as Elgern was to me. Not far from this hill were we born—his foot was the swiftest in the chase, his chariot the foremost in the war, and his eye the brightest among the chiefs. Beautiful he was, and brave and noble among the youths—but now he is a little heap of ashes.—He was torn away to be a sacrifice, and *I*, *I*—to be the priestess of it—you compelled me to receive the blood

* It will be recollected that the metempsychosis or transmigration of Souls, was one of the principal doctrines inculcated by the Druids, and the engine by which they most powerfully wrought upon the hopes and fears of their disciples.

of the victim, to sprinkle it upon the hallowed misseltoe; his dying eyes were turned upon me when his soul issued at the stream,—it hovered over me,—it hovers over me still —it was his voice which I heard in my vision, that told me his blood—my blood,—*yours*—could not satisfy the Infinite. I reproach you not, for it bade me pardon you. We have been wanderers—miserable fugitives—despite of sacrifice and song—know you not this? but my life is hastening—promise what I ask."

The Druid paused, as if endeavouring to combat the awakenings of remorse and pity, by the stern principles of his order; but it was evidently unavailing; the long-quenched beam of nature glanced across his soul, while his hapless disciple, with an energy that appeared to him supernatural, gave utterance to the inspirations of truth. He bent one knee to the earth, and said, "I swear by the Spirit that shewed to thee thy dream, to fulfil all thy desires; a light, like a single ray upon the lone bird, wearily flying over a waste of waters, shews me that I have wandered far from that Spirit, but he can help me to return:—when I have gathered thy ashes, and inclosed them with thy Elgern's, then will I travel till I find the land of the Great Sacrifice; bearing the urn in my bosom, I will carry thy words there too; neither shall leave me till death seizes the pulse of the heart, and then may thy dove-like soul be near me!" The countenance of the Druidess became suddenly illuminated, she turned her eyes to Heaven, and stretching out her arms towards the priest, fell upon his bosom and immediately expired.

For some moments the old man gazed upon the beautiful features of the corpse, as if he beheld a vision; then pressed its lips—its cheeks—its heart, to his, but all was still, cold, and motionless. He felt that "he only lived in that drear spot," that he was now, indeed, the *last* of his race—that in the wide earth there was not *one* that owned affinity with him.—Kindreds there were, priesthoods, brotherhoods, but none that could open its arms to *him*, who had reigned supreme over one of the most powerful in the world.—It was not a moment for pride, the feeling of utter desolateness took possession of his soul, yet he could not, or would not weep. It was a fearful sight to mark the gaze of that fixed countenance upon the face of the dead, pale itself as the inanimate clay, but bearing too surely the signs of life in the lines of living anguish which traced its aged features. At length he laid the corpse upon the stone as upon a bier, covered the face with the robe, and then with tottering steps sought the valley below, for fuel for the funeral pile. With painful labour he collected a large quantity of dried boughs, straw, and stubble, and conveyed to the spot. The moon went down ere he had completed his task, but amid the darkness he continued his melancholy employment; amid the darkness he arranged the consuming pyre, and fired it. Far and wide spread the flame like a fierce night-meteor, and flashed on the sleeping eyes of the weary hunter, or wandering Roman soldier, who sought a brief repose in the valley below. They awoke, and gazed towards the hill, but the terrors of superstition had so invested it, that none

dared to approach; and the Arch-Druid uninterruptedly performed his heart-torturing task. At length the flames sunk down, and only flickered round the object which they had been employed to consume: then was it yet more fearful to behold the countenance of that old priest, more deadly pale than before, with large dews like death's cold drops upon the brow, with eyes gazing round as if on ten thousand horrible visions; there were no tears,—no sighs; these belong to lighter griefs, and suit not the stern breast of despair. By and bye the dim flames became yet dimmer, feebler, and more trembling; telling that the fuel that fed them could feed them no longer, it was *ashes*, all ashes! now they expired entirely, and only a thin smoke arose; by the twilight of morning this too had decayed, and when the first rosy streak decked the sky, it had vanished altogether. Then came the old priest and bent down over the extinguished pyre, and kissed the hallowed dust that lay in the midst of it;—then first gushed forth the scalding tears, and wetted all as with a dewy shower; tears of bitter, and of deep repentance, mingled with the ashes of the innocent.—Together they were gathered with scrupulous hand into the urn, and if in the fear of losing one atom of relics so precious, the dust of the wood found a place there also, surely it from that time became hallowed beyond any other.

When this soul-harrowing duty was finished, the old man concealed the urn under his cloak, bound it to his bosom with his girdle, and taking his staff in his hand, was beginning with tottering footsteps to descend the hill. At

this moment his harp caught his eye; that harp which had been the companion of his glories, that harp that had so often assisted to swell and send abroad the fame, of the Sacred Mountain; and the hallowed rites (as they were then deemed,) over which he presided. He stopped, he gazed;—a sadness deep, and awful, awhile overspread his countenance—and was succeeded by a light that seemed to have emanated from some invisible celestial power. He dropped his staff, and seized the instrument with an impulse like that of inspiration. His hand a moment tremblingly wandered over the strings,—then swept from them a wild but solemn melody;—his visage became yet brighter; his spirit seemed to rise at every tone, as if aiming at music unattempted before. His bosom heaved with strange and irrepressible emotions—a burst, a torrent of more than song seemed gushing up within it. The extinguished light of prophecy once more illumined his eyes, and leaning over his harp, his spirit thus poured itself out in mystical reply to the deep harmony of its tones.

Farewell—farewell—these are the last,
  The last high notes my hand shall pour
From thee, all glorious as thou wast;
  Like mine is passed thy glories' hour;
Yet from thee I will bring,
  (Ere we separate for ever,)
Tones that shall consecrate thy string,
  To be unhallow'd never.

A light is on my soul,
  More bright than when enthroned
Above all kings' control,
  The Chief of Priest-hoods crowned;—
More glorious than when I sate
The arbiter of life and fate,
  Upon this Sacred Mountain's crest;
And saw ten thousand thousand bow,
With trembling lip and solemn vow,
  To my, MY sole behest.
More bright than when I swept
  By the high-hearted Queen,
Thy lofty prophet-tones, and kept
  Mine eye upon the future's scene;—
And saw the eagles of our foes,
Their pinions at the north-storm close,
And sink to earth snared in a chain,
That never shall be burst again.

It shews me what shall be
  In future times beheld,
Where now the eye can see
  Nought but the spirit held,
In bondage, dark and desolate,
Trembling at every tyrant's hate.

There shall a Star arise;
  A Star has risen now,

Upon the Eastern skies
  Appears its hallow'd glow;
More beautiful, than you lights' sweep
Trembling upon the azure deep.—
That Star this hill shall light
  With day ne'er known before—
Day that shall know no night,
  O'er Britain's Land shall pour;
And hence shall choral voices rise,
In its sweet praises to the skies.

Farewell, my harp! farewell!
  We part—but not with pain,
I feel a hallow'd swell
  Of hope inspire my strain.
Yes, I can now thee glad resign,
I know a loftier shall be mine.

He ceased, he laid his harp down on the funeral stone, while the sounds he had swept from it, and the solemn melody of his voice, died softly away on the fresh morning zephyr. There was a holy glow upon his countenance as he again took his staff—and left, though with slow and feeble footsteps, the now thrice-hallowed spot. Was it not the emblem of the dawning of a holier faith upon his soul?

He was seen wandering towards the Western coast, and amongst the Angli who that year reached the Queen of Cities, there was an old man bearing such a vase and

declaring himself to be a pilgrim to the land of the Great Sacrifice.—Ye who read this tale will breathe a hope that he reached it, and found in the healing streams that were there shed, a purifying fountain for the deeds of cruelty perpetrated in the dark night of religious ignorance. But can this hope be extended to the priesthoods of blood in the present day? to the apostolicals of Spain, who, amid the noonday-beams of toleration that cheer the hearts of surrounding countries, strive to renew the horrible scenes of the 15th century? Nay, can it be extended to the BRITISH *encouragers* of human sacrifice in India? or even England herself? for while she looks indifferently on the yearly immolation of thousands of her adopted subjects beneath the wheels of Jaggernaut, while she hears the shriek of agony from the burning piles of India,—and makes no effort to quench them—Is she stainless of blood? Nay, the robes of her East Indian legislators are saturated with the vital tide. Amidst all the splendour of territories, and the pomp of titles, they are *negative murderers* at best, or rather like the persecutor Paul, they are "*consenting* to their death." Yet more, they are sordid, *bribed*, accomplices in the work of human destruction.* Oh, my country, wipe away, as

* I transcribe, without apology, from Mr. Buckingham's admirable 4th lecture on the eastern world, the following passage on the subject of Widow burning in Hindostan, in justification of language which might otherwise seem unwarrantably, and unbecomingly accusatory

thou valuest thy fame among the nations this most foul blot!

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But *this most foul, strange, and unnatural.*"

Thou now standest charged with the same horrible crime as the Israelites of old: thou makest thy children "pass through the fire," thou "sacrificest thy sons and thy daughters unto Devils!" My Country! I love thee with more than a filial love; I honor thy King, for he has a

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and severe; and in order as far as a feeble female's effort may be carried, to give currency to facts, which ought to awaken the voice of the whole British Nation, in one simultaneous, *unceasing* petition to the Legislature, *at once and without respect to any other feelings and interests than those of humanity*, to abolish throughout all their Indian territories, practices of superstition so abhorred and abominable, that the bare imagination of them to a mind in the least enlightened by religion, and endued with the smallest portion of sensibility is scarcely endurable.—Mr. B. remarks, "nothing has been done to abolish this horrid custom; but at all events, if that were impracticable, the very least one could expect would be, that the Company finding such a practice in existence, and not to be abrogated, would have left the natives to themselves; but instead of this they have actually lent their authority to sanction the practice; they have made regulations as to the mode in which the sacrifice

triple claim to my reverence, as Duke, Prince, and Sovereign; "long may he reign over us!" I honour thy present legislature, and I would fain say to them, purify from this defilement, the name of our beloved country; make haste

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should be effected. They issue their license, and no widow can burn, or does burn, without the *Magistrates giving permission* and signing the death-warrant, and the *servants of the Company are in attendance to see it carried into execution.* It is not the intention of these regulations to afford any protection to the victims, for repeated instances have occurred, in which, the widow though going voluntarily to the pile, has afterwards leaped from it on feeling the flames, *and the servants of the Company* standing by, in the performance of their duty, *have actually flung the poor victim back into the fire.* The *profits derived* by the *Company* and the Bramins, are the principal incentives to the continuance of this practice, and the simple expedient of taking away the *motives* will cause it to fall into disuse."—See pages 23 and 24 of the second edition of Mr. B.'s lectures on the Eastern world, delivered in Liverpool, January 1829.

In the number for May 1829 of Mr. B.'s highly estimable periodical, the "Oriental Herald," is a paper on the same subject, which it is impossible to read without a sympathy amounting to agony, in the unnecessary sufferings of our helpless fellow-creatures, and the most indignant feelings towards the *misnamed* Christian governors of these miserable people.

to render her the joy of the whole earth, as she is now the empress of the SEAS.*

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* This was written during the administration of the late deeply and most justly deplored Mr. Canning; to the present, the same prayer is as fervently addressed—and what glory would its accomplishment reflect upon it! How far more splendid than even the splendid victories of the Duke of Wellington!

COMPOSED AT THE GRAVE OF AN ONLY BROTHER.

I WEEP not at thy grave stone now,
  I must not,—*no*, I dare not weep,
The tears that for bereavements flow,
The agonizing gush of woe,
  That when we laid thee here did steep
Each face then bending o'er thy bier,
Would now, methinks, be sinful here.

'Tis true, thou wast an *only* Son,
  An *only* brother,—precious names!
And many a hope with thee is gone,
That clung to thee, and thee alone:
  Such hopes as fond affection frames,
In such as thou, when form, and mind,
Seem for life's loftier paths designed.

But oh! the consolation sweet
  Thou gav'st us on thy dying bed,
The calm with which we saw thee greet,

As if some heavenly retreat
  Thine eye beheld around thee spread,
Forbids the heart-collected shower,
E'en in remembrance of that hour.

The brightness of thy dying brow
  Hath left a light upon my breast,
To scatter the remains of woe
That oft as evening shadows bow,
  Their solemn glories o'er the west,
Would bring again that scene to view,
When thy blest spirit hence withdrew!

And while I bend above thy sod,
  With all the sister in my soul,
I see thee resting with thy God,
Redeem'd by Jesu's priceless blood,
  And every sigh and tear control,
Or feel them all exhaled away,
With that bright beam of endless day.

And now what in my bosom springs?
  (Companion flower of thoughts like these,)
But heart-prayer to the King of Kings,
That on the same faith's glorious wings,
  I may ascend the realms of peace,

And join the ever-blessed throng,
To which thy spirit must belong.

How have I longed to pierce the veil
  That hides the everlasting world!
And thee amid the sainted hail,
O'er whom death shall no more prevail,
  With love's bright banner all unfurled
Each fair immortal's head above;—
The banner of a Saviour's love.

Oh! this was o'er thee tho' no eye
  Of Mortal might behold it near:
Yes, thou beheld'st it wave on high,
And could'st not breath a parting sigh,
  And could'st not shed a parting tear;
All over-shadowed with its light,
How could thy brow be else than bright!

OCCASIONED BY READING TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RELIGIOUS WORKS OF ARCHBISHOP FENELON,

BY MISS LOUISA AUGUSTA MARSHALL;

Most respectfully inscribed to MRS. MARSHALL *and* MRS. DAVIES, *her Mother and Sister.*

As soft as summer evening dews
  Descend upon the parched flowers,
Restoring all their scents and hues,—
So fall these words upon the heart,
So have they power to impart
  To the toil-wasted spirit, powers,
The fervour of life's day to bear,
Or the dark blighting blast of care.

Sweet is the memory of the saint,
  Sacred each tear it bids us shed;
But words are powerless and faint
To show how twines the hallow'd link
Of dear remembrance, when we think
  Of those, who, tho' among the dead,
Still speak to us, as if still near
With words of comfort for our ear.

Such, such is yours, whose names combined,
  Grace the fair page on which we gaze,
Kindred in glory, as in mind
Ye were, when on the earth ye trod,
Son! daughter! of the Eternal God!
  Tho' earth and sea might barriers raise,
And ages mountain-billows roll
Between, ye were of kindred soul.

Yes, though, to speak with earthly words
  Of realms and periods, ye were born
Of different nations, and the chords
That bind the heart to the same hearth,
And the same family of earth,
  Were never on your bosoms worn,
Children ye are of the same breast,
The same eternal home your rest.

Warm'd by the same deep sainted love,
  Ye were towards the human race;
This, *thee*, midst courtly scenes did move
Pure teacher! gifted from the skies,
Fearless of kingly frowns to rise,
  And truth's all-hallow'd precepts place
Before thy monarch's haughty eye,
In all his pride of sovereignty.

And this, *thee*, youthful saint! impelled
To give thy life's bright spring-time hours,
When blooming hope, and fancy, held
Their wreaths all lovely to thy view,
To turn from each enchanting hue,
And seek in lone seclusion's bowers,
These heavenly plants with sacred toil,
To bless and grace thy native soil.

To bid them breathe amid the air
Of sorrow's night a soothing balm,
And in the friendless desert bear
Signs of the ever-happy home,
From which their gentle breathings come,
Making the heart all light and calm,
And quickening in the weary breast,
The wish to gain that perfect rest.

Oh, there, how sweetly blended now,
(Your hallow'd labours past) ye dwell,
And feel the same eternal glow
Of filial love, of heavenly peace,
Knowing no change but their increase,
In your immortal bosoms swell,
While joining in the *same* sweet tongue,
Ye sing the never-dying song.

THE PRAISE OF GENTLENESS.

Of the gentle heart I sing,
  Judge if 'tis not a sweet theme,
Fit to wake the sweetest string,
  To invite the softest beam
Of the star that o'er the lyre
Deigns to shed its hallow'd fire.

Ye who know what 'tis to mark
  The stern eye, and frowning brow
O'er its red light gathering dark,
  Worse than any cloud I know,
Here in England's changing sky,
Tho' the wintry storm be high!

Come and listen to my strain,
  Fairer brows it shall display;
And beguile you of the pain,
  Ye perchance have felt to-day,
While the dark domestic gloom
Shadow'd the delights of home.

Come and hear me tell you all,
  The pure light, the gentle breast,
O'er life's daily cares lets fall,
  O'er each joy that soothes the breast,
Brightening the hours of shade,
Making light's in Heaven array'd.

If it be a father's, oh,
  What a sunny joy it brings,
Over every youthful brow!
  How in each young bosom, springs
Sweet affection's holiest fire,
As he calls the loved one sire!

If it be a husband's, I
  Do not aim to speak the bliss;
Show it in the o'erflowing eye,
  Ye who taste the happiness
Of possessing a pure heart,
Ruled by this in every part.

How ye hail him like the light,
  Of the sun-rise to the sky!
Think the scene is only bright,
  When his gentle glance is nigh;
When his voice hath met your ear,
Scorning music's breathing nea !

If a brother's, what a joy
To be kindred to such breast,
And each little power employ
To give home a sweeter zest!
Speed the needle, breathe the song,
For his pleasure all day long.

f a mother's, oh how sweet
Every command to hear!
And her soft-breathed wishes meet,
Be the toil how-e'er severe,
Her meek, soft, unclouded smile,
Can each stern fatigue beguile.

If a sister's, sweeter yet
On her gentle neck to hang,
Blend in feeling as in fate,
Share her joy, and soothe her pang,
Give her all we have to give,
Seem for her dear sake to live!

Gentleness! oh, what a light
Thou canst shed o'er humblest homes!
Gentleness, oh what a blight
O'er life's fairest bowers comes,
If thou art not there to be,
The soft household deity

Without thee the father turns
  To the tyrant of his race,
Without thee the husband learns
  Deeds and words that man disgrace;
That, but for religion's tie,
Scorn, and hate would justify.

Say, poor mourner, on whose cheek
  Disappointment's hue is spread,
And the voice so sadly meek,
  Speaks a heart that oft has bled;
What remembrances twine now,
Round obedience' soft-breathed vow?

None by this sweet star illumed,—
  Hence the dimness of that eye,
Hence that form by grief consumed,
  Withering uncomplainingly:
Gentleness, like balmy light,
Had preserved it all from blight.

Speak, ye desolate and lone,
  Though by filial kindreds bound,
What has sunk youth's joyous tone,
  Where it should be loudest found?
Round the loved paternal hearth,
Is the home of bliss and mirth.

Harhsness—words and looks severe,
Where the youthful bosom sought,
For affection's aspect dear;
And found eyes with anger fraught;
Stormy looks that frighten love,
As the frowning sky, the dove.

Once sweet Reason's voice was heard,
With high Justice to unite,
To pass sentence on the herd
Of those steely hearts, that blight
Like a pestilential air,
All that home holds sweet or fair.

"Whate'er their possessions mental,
We—TWIN JUDGES born, agree
That the *Stern*, and the *Ungentle*,
Ne'er shall know felicity,
Ne'er affection's proofs receive,
Howsoe'er their bosoms heave.

"That in sickness and in sorrow,
Friends shall coldly wait around;
Or if they love's semblance borrow,
Lest the sufferer they wound,
Self-conviction shall reveal
All their generous hearts conceal.

"They shall feel that worthy hatred,
Scorn, and slight, alone they are,
That unmourn'd, and unregretted,
They may roam to realms afar;
That e'en o'er their marble stone,
Memory shall forbear to moan."

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

Oh, sweet is it to sit beneath
  The melancholy midnight's moon,
And all the burning heart to breathe
  To her, as if a listener lone
She were, with sympathetic smile,
Striving our sorrows to beguile.

Oh, sweet it is to muse, when o'er
  The canopy of stars is spread,
On seasons that shall come no more,
  And think they bow their shining head,
To hear the lone complainer's wail,
Borne to them on the midnight gale.

But sweeter yet to *know* the eye
  Of their Creator deigns to see,
To *know* he hears our lightest sigh,
  And pities all our misery:
Sun, Moon, and Stars must fade away,
This sacred hope shall ne'er decay.

TO THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH.

My home! my home! thou *wast* my home,
A most beloved home to me,
The home of youth, when nought of gloom
Threw shadows o'er futurity;
My home, my home, and still beloved,
Tho' all on earth are riven now
That those delightful feelings moved,
Which made it joy to call it so.

My home! my home! and thou wert too
The home of one, who never more
A home upon the earth shall view,
And hail as he has hail'd before.
Oh, my loved brother! in these vales,
Beside this sea, I saw thee bloom,
And sorrow, in her selfish wails,
Forgets thou hast a *heavenly home*.

My home! my home! my early home,
My first, my loveliest,—blessedest!
Tho' destiny hath bade me roam,
And upon other spots impressed
This name of happiness and rest,
My heart has never recognized,
Ne'er shrined the stranger in my breast,
Left unregretted, own'd unprized.

My home! my home! but now no more
A home thou'lt ever be to me,
Loved long as feeling shall endure,
Remembered long as memory.
I may not find my rest in thee,
No, nor in any spot below,
However beautiful it be,
However there my bosom glow.

What is a home? a place of rest,
Where all that love each other meet,
Where the full heart, the fervent breast,
Indulges in affections sweet,
Where spirits kindred spirits meet,
Joyful in their celestial birth,
And happy but in that retreat,—
For me there's no such home on earth.

Yet hold the sigh, sure, with the thought,
A gleam of blessedness is given,
A gold streak in the sable's wrought,
The cloud is by a sun-beam riven—
There's such a home for me in heaven,
There's such a home beyond the sky,
And if pure bliss on earth were given,
Oh, who would seek for it on high?

STANZAS WRITTEN AT EVENING.

I joy in such an hour as this,
  In this bright evening's solitude;
The gales breathe round a quiet bliss,
  All suited to the sacred mood
Of sweet, yet melancholy thought,
That makes the heart with feeling fraught.

It is a time to read the tale
  Of pity, to affection stirr'd,
Or list to sorrow's softer wail,
  Or warbling of some plaintive bird;
Or voice of some beloved friend,
Whose spirit with my own can blend.

A time for that calm, tender joy,
  That hath its sweetest light in tears;
And casts far off each dark alloy,
  Or born of past or future cares;
And every thought, and every word,
That touches not the heart's deep chord.

A time each image to forget
  That darkens memory's magic stream;
And call back every softer fate
  That may awake a lovelier beam;
And shed upon its placid breast,
The tints that tell of joy and rest.

A time to see hope's peaceful star,
  Dropping through life's dividing cloud,
And shedding its soft light afar
  Through all the dim discovered road,
Raising the soul's pure trust on high,
And beckoning it beyond the sky.

OCCASIONED BY MY MOTHER'S REQUESTING ME TO RETIRE TO REPOSE.

Sleep, sleep, I'm called to sleep, when all my soul
  Is wakeful as the stars, and longs to join
The sacred melodies to which they roll,
  As holy fancy hears in dreams divine:
  Sleep—just as thought begins again to shine,
Just as the heart is melted with its beams,
  And bounding like a fountain, from the line
Of ice released, now, now to still its streams,
And freeze them up again in the chill land of dreams.

The task is hard, my Mother, to obey
  Commands like these—to leave the gaudy crowd
To trace with thee some solitary way
  I cheerfully to thy request had bow'd;
  But early thus in nightly death to shroud
My senses, from this scenery sublime,
  And the bright thoughts that 'gin to scale the road
Towards their own, the glorious, Heavenly clime,
Seems asking me, forgive—to die before my time.

Yet let me lengthen out my little day,
Ere I bow to the influence of sleep;
A little more to see, and feel, and say,
Ere the night-dews above my slumbers weep:
Yet one more gaze upon the boundless deep;
Yet one more ardent glance towards the sky,
And one, one line the memory to keep,
Of this lone vigil, while the spirit high,
Springs on the sacred wings of thought and melody.

It is enough, I come to lay me now
Beside thy pillow, and to list thy breath
Of sleep, like some faint zephyr, sad and low,
Fanning the primrose bed of early death;
Such as the sighs thou breathest, when the woe,
Chasten'd, subdued, but yet a Mother's still,
Comes o'er thy bosom, with its deep warm flow,
And heart, and eye, and tremulous lip fill,
With secret sigh, and tear, and love's own mystic thrill.

STANZAS TO ——.

Can gladness beam on my soul
When thou art mourning?
Do the sweet streams all brightly roll,
No sun adorning?

Thou art to me as the bright sun
To the calm river,
And when thy grief's shroud is on,
Dark am I ever.

I can only, then, be bright,
In thy pure lustre;
Oh then restore thy light,
Like a star-cluster!

Let not the dark world's shade,
Pass o'er thy spirit;
Mine, too, it must pervade,
For I inherit,

As of the same birth born,
All that can grieve thee;
All the domain of thorn
Sorrow doth leave thee.

Let us abjure this land
Of pain and anguish;
And seek a happier strand,
Where no souls languish.

Where the possession is
Lovely for ever;
A sweet estate of bliss,
Ours together.

THOUGHTS ON EARLY FRIENDSHIPS,

ADDRESSED TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

"Those that have known thee most, will praise thee *best*.'
This motto may but sharpen critic-scan,
This then I'll say, for what I have possess'd,
Sweet friendship! I will praise thee, all *I can*.

I SHALL ever recollect the last ramble we took together, and I do not think it will be easily banished from your remembrance. The season, the scene, and the associations, were of that mixed character that is well expressed by the epithet, painfully-pleasing. Autumnal tints were around us; prospects of beauty, but rather unfamiliar to both; and memories in our hearts of distant days, of distant scenes, and forever-departed pleasures. We talked of friendship as united with these, and agreed—could we do otherwise?—that it gave them their dearest, and their deepest charm. We asked what is Friendship? and proposed to analyze its feelings, principles, and operations; coinciding in the opinion that they would not be worthless, or uninteresting subjects of investigation; and, that though much had been written

much spoken on them, it was possible for every one who had truly felt their power to say something more; to express some delicate emotion before unexpressed, some elevated sentiment which might not have arisen in any other heart. After you left me, I could not but reflect on the remarks that had occurred, and add to them. It is natural to brood over what has dropped from the lips of those we value. I imagined, from an observation you made, that I should please you by throwing together a few thoughts on this subject, and have therefore ventured on this form to convey them to you. Remember it is a very humble essay, an effort commenced with much diffidence, and trusting only for acceptance to that friendship which I flatter myself with possessing.*

I would begin methodically to define friendship, by saying it is the irresistible attraction of two minds towards each other, who are conscious that their union will be the source of the purest, and most exquisite mental delight to both. The feelings that accompany this conviction, are not to be imagined by those who are unacquainted with their power.— A new charm is given to existence: it seems then a more than common privilege *to be;* to breathe, to move, to think, to speak, to smile, and to weep; since life, motion, thought,

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* In the still further hazard of offering it to public view, must now be added, a trust in the sympathies of every human breast more or less sensible of the value of the friendship whose delineation is here attempted.

language, smiles, and tears, are the medium of that intercourse of the spirit which shall, it trusts, unite them for ever. For (to use an expression which you may perhaps remember) "that is indeed but a fragment of regard which must terminate with the portion of our being allotted us in this transitory world; a tantalizing taste of a banquet, of whose full enjoyment we were denied the anticipation. But beside the quickened relish which is imparted to the present existence, and the hopes of a future; a new spur is given to generous emulation, completely free from that jealous feeling which is frequently experienced by disunited searchers after the treasures of knowledge. It is of little consequence which of the two friends obtains the most, since the stock is common to both, and acquired only for each other's enjoyment: to them the envy of superior talents or reputation is unknown; what is possessed by one, is enjoyed by the other, by the incessant reflection of that regard which glows in their bosoms. It is this which gives an inexpressible interest to every mental acquirement, to every scene of nature, and every occupation of life: conversation, so vapid, so burdensome, so unsatisfactory with mere acquaintance, becomes with them, an inexhaustible source of delight and improvement; and the hours that have been devoted to it, are lived over again in remembrance, with all that jealousy of their departure, which we bestow on a guest of whose society we cannot have sufficient. It is true, this deep union of soul is not without its pains. Exquisite joys are necessarily counterbalanced by regrets as poignant; and thus the

ems as though it were rending in twain at the
, or even prospect of separation from one who was
n soul. Yet, who, from the certain expectation of
ring, could restrain himself from seizing the sweets
ship when they offer themselves? None but those
d calculating human automata, who are utterly
e of fervency or generosity of feeling; who [illegible] and
move, as if their hearts were a piece of steel machi-
erated upon by some sordid exhibitor, and can
be regarded of a higher order than others, for the
l accomplishment of speech.

the connexions that are formed in life, the attach-
youth are the most pure, ardent, and enduring;
entwined in the remembrance, with the buds of
d the unfading blossoms of intellect; with all those
f pleasure, and all those efforts of mind, which were
innocent and delightful: after-life has nought like
hey are worn as a secret charm upon the heart, a
of unwithering beauty, to which we turn for fra-
d enjoyment, from all the worthless, artificial, and
offerings of regard which are presented in succeed-
. Even should they have been unfortunate, should
been misplaced, should they have been blighted,
the *recollection* of their feelings one priceless spell,
ting confidence. Then we remember that we
without fear of deception; that we loved without
est apprehension that our words and feelings would
strued, and turned into weapons against us.—Who,

unless they have been nurtured in the hot-houses of wealth and prosperity, and consequently have not been so much exposed to the mildew and the blast, (though it is not pretended that they can be safe from the secret worm,) can do this after he has mixed with his fellow—beings five years from his first youth? Long before these have elapsed, the characters of men will begin to exhibit themselves; the delusions of youth will be dissipated; and the sensitive young bosom beholds itself surrounded with falsehood, injustice, and cruelty; it can repose its regards on none—the ear becomes "pained, and the heart sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage:"—quickly it begins to feel for itself as well as others, and its sympathies are rather increased, by its own acuteness of suffering. At this period, how refreshing is it to retrace through the vista of a few short years, those scenes, and those objects which were first beloved,—who shall say that they are not the dearest? Oh, they are inexpressibly dear! and I, for one shall ever return to them, as

> The weaned infant to the Mother's breast;
> It flows no more, but still can give me rest.

If, at such a moment we unexpectedly meet a friend of our early years, who is still worthy of that appellation; what a well-spring of delight gushes up as it were in the heart! what an increased, what an incalculable value, do we attach to his continued and unwearied regard! how like the recovery of a long-hidden treasure is the sound of that voice, the beam

of those eyes, the smiles of those lips!—they are the same as when we listened, as when we gazed in youth, yes, though to others the shadows of years, and of cares have passed over them, to us they are the same; and the heart, the heart is the same *too*. Invaluable heart! shall it not be prized above all others? its attachment has stood the test of years, of misfortune, of vicissitude of every kind, and it is unchanged, priceless heart! Do not say that this is rhapsody, or that others will think it so; if it be, with me, it is unavoidable. I own, indeed, that the grave rules of the essayist may be violated by such exclamatory wanderings, as they may term them; but I believe I shall do no violence to the feelings or ears of those who feel like myself. Their refinement, I am *intuitively* assured, is not of that fastidious character which would command, or desire, the separation of what the Almighty voice of Nature has for ever united in treating of such subjects, thought, and emotion.

But the conscientious Christian mind will ask, to what purpose is the indulgence of those higher, and more exquisite sensibilities of our nature? Are they of any avail in our everlasting destinations? and will they not rather tend to turn aside our desires from the fountain of Eternal Love? Is there not a possibility of resting in the possession of such a friend, and, satisfied with that enjoyment, of feeling no longer that aspiration after our Heavenly Friend, which should ever have the supremacy in our breasts? I hope and believe not—the endearing relationships of life, are assuredly intended to be its sweeteners; perhaps the faint images of that

happiness which shall succeed to its last sorrows. In this view of them, they will be chastened from every inordinance of feeling; that which we desire and expect to accompany us into a pure and sinless region, we shall endeavour to keep sinless, and regulated by the revelations of the Divine will. Much as the idea has been controverted, I cannot forego my anticipation of knowing and loving those I have loved on earth, in Heaven; not in the same degree as I shall love my GOD, for the Being who is most worthy to be loved supremely, *will* be loved supremely by a spirit whose perceptions are refined and enlarged to the apprehension of his surpassing perfections; but in that degree which the measure of their angelic excellencies shall demand. On earth it is made one of the evidences of our faith in the adorable Redeemer, that we regard his followers; why then should it not be the evidence of our love to him in heaven? This general affection does not exclude particular attachments, since He who died for *all*, had amongst even the small number of twelve of his *immediate* followers, *one* more particularly beloved.

In extraordinary mental and moral excellence we behold but a livelier image of the Deity, and must we not love it? We must assuredly give it a larger portion of our affections than anything on earth beside. We must contemplate it with more delight than the extended works of creation, glorious as they are. The innumerable beauties of earth, the uncounted splendours of the skies, though the productions of an Almighty mind, are not in themselves *mental*.—

pendous mountains, unbounded oceans, interminable
:ts, though they fill, and sometimes overpower the mind
h their exterior majesty, have not, we know, the principle
Eternity in them; this is given but to one species of being
the creation, with which we are acquainted—the soul
man! When then, two beings, conscious of this inter-
iable inheritance, form for each other an affection founded
moral and mental excellence, it is natural for them to
k forward to its higher enjoyment together; and without
luding one of the race of celestial beings with whom
y will be associated, from those sympathies of which they
l be made susceptible; they will anticipate in each other's
iety a more than ordinary Heaven. Assuredly there will
in extraordinay degree of celestial delight in the meeting
.wo spirits, whose recollections are entwined with each
er, almost from their first appearance in the creation of
l; at least ever since they felt themselves to be a part of
rational creation. I might say much of my own feelings
uch an expectancy, but I forbear, and will only add that
e may not thus look forward to the Everlasting Future for
consummation of exalted friendships, they are formed in
1; and, frequently from those unavoidable separations
ch occur in the pursuit of that line of duty, and life,
ch Heaven has marked out for us, become the sources of
nagined pain. But with this anticipation they are
ght with the sweetest hopes, and while we sit

"By the lone fireside and sigh,
For sweet affection whisp'ring nigh,"

we send a mental glance beyond the narrow limits of the globe, and behold a region, where its tracts of ocean or of land, will have no power to keep asunder those whose spirits are for ever united. The following nocturnal lucubration, though it bears an antedate of seven years, I venture to insert here as containing a few more thoughts, which may not be irrelevant to the subject.

I turned me to the Heavens, the sister stars
Were keeping their night-watches, companied
Methought as souls of purer flame should be,
And gathering brightness from their intercourse;
For so it seem'd, of beam with beam, then I turned
To the shade-mantled earth, the bending trees
Were social too, they intertwined their boughs,
And bent to the night-breeze, as gentler hearts
To the soft wakings of affection's power.
Even the young zephyrs seemed to court their kind;
For, as one passed along my leaning brow,
Another followed, as in soft pursuit,
And fancy easily might deem they met
Among the shadows, for they lower waved,
And to my ear, methought, gave sweeter sound.
I turned me to my *soul* but it was *lonely;*
There was none near me, none, my solitude
Was deep as if I trod the vaulted shade,
Of some lone cemetery, in such hour come tears—
Scarcely of sorrow, 'tis a holier power

That one delights to feel, but cannot name;
Yet often born methinks of memory
Of joys, of friendships, even of sorrows fled,
But most of recollections of past hours,
Like these sweet spent in intercourse of soul,
Silent and pure, and holy as the stars:
Such brought I deem that tear upon my cheek,
Tho' other sources haply were not dried,
But ere it fell, the solemn loveliness
Of that sweet scene had stolen half the pangs
That gave it birth, and if not turned to joy's
At least it dropped a tear of resignation.
'Twould have been sweeter to have gazed upon
The beauties of a night *so* beautiful,
With one that could have loved them as *I* loved,
And felt them as *I* felt, but there was none,
And then amid that depth of solitude,
I turned to converse of a holier kind,
If there can aught be holier than friendship's,
With my own spirit and that lovely scene.
Soon did it aim to scale the sacred Heavens,
(Inviting to the task,) soon passed the bounds,
Zoned by the circles of the farthest orbs,
Ascended to the silvery galaxy,
And saw its myriad suns beneath her glow:—
Still farther, higher winged her daring flight,
To unimagined scenes, to where the line
Of the creation's boundary appears,

And Space's infinite void engulphs the thought!
Then to the palace of the DEITY,
Eternal as himself, the state, or place
Of being indestructible, the Heaven
At whose unspoken unimagined bliss,
The glowing portraits of earth's raptures fade,
Like morning dreams before the risen day.
Realm of eternal glory! not a doubt
Can cloud the soul who wide creation scans,
Of thine existence, that thou'rt now enjoy'd
In soften'd vision, or fruition full,
By disembodied spirits, of whom some
With mine have held sweet converse; whom I loved,
And whose departure thrills of agony
Cost, that the mortal could alone exceed.
Some say that here all sweet communion ends,
That swallow'd, lost in love of DEITY,
Immense and boundless as the object, nought
Our souls retain of their past sympathies:
Mused have I oft upon the dark-wrapp'd theme,
And whether earthly love becloud or not,
Cling to the sweet idea that souls *shall* meet,
Shall feel the rapture of that meeting too,
Pure as the place where its emotion thrills.—
Warm'd with the distant vision of the bliss,
My spirit cannot these its thoughts restrain.—
Not love in Heaven the soul we loved on earth?
Unheavenly thought! must then the heavenliest bliss

We knew on earth be lost, even in the realm
Whence issued the command that gave its joy?
If not to blend in sacred intercourse,
Why has the all-creating Deity
Peopled the eternal world with glorious groups,
Of loveliest brightest beings? to increase
By their awe, admiration, wondering gaze
Its own complete and perfect happiness?
Can they augment it? would the glorious sun
Gain brilliance by unnumbered tapers' rays
Circling his mid-day throne, or they one beam
Of added lustre give his light-fraught orb?
Or gains it from the beams it sends abroad,
The myriad beauties that it wakes to birth,
In the fair worlds' that round its throne revolve
One glory back? no more can Deity;
From all it gives, it nothing can receive
That to itself can *add*;—in glory, power,
In love, in majesty, in happiness,
Full, to the fullness of Infinity!
Thought that throws back the soul, or brings it near
A gulph of glory, whose o'erpowering blaze
Puts out her feeble light, dare it not mine!
Return to fields of light, where thou may'st range
Nor God forbids, but deigns to be thy guide,
In his almighty word.—Angels rejoice
O'er man, from sin's dark empire disenthrall'd,
Then Angels know, then angel minds partake

The holier joys, and sorrows of mankind.
Saith not the same word, "we shall be as they?"
Then must we know, converse, and feel as they;
Sure not to us denied, if not to them,
Knowledge of blessedness of those we loved,
Still less when Heaven's high will is consummate,
And comes the new-born seraph to his seat,
Shall we not know? oh! rather must I deem
We welcome at the portal, and fresh tide
Of the pure fount of everlasting joy,
Feel springing in our hearts;—but once again—
Shall that pure law that binds us to our kind,
Without whose loved obedience God doth scorn
The fervent prayer, and counts it mockery;
Be cancelled *there*, and unrequired, and lost
Where 'twould be most delightful to obey?
Where perfect love impels the constant flow
Of purest amity; where purified
From every baser thought, from envy's sting,
From memory of wrong, whose deeper point
Goads to revenge; from all the bitterness
The heart's best feelings struggle with, to yield
Sweet pardon to the serpent that has stung thee;—
That injurer then that dark unwearied foe,
Transform'd to seraph, beautified and pure,
With the same power of grace that wrought on thee.
United in the bond of harmony,
And never-ceasing praise—from these all free,

And nought within the soul but purest love,
Can it be said that we shall not bestow
A portion due upon those spirits form'd
For its sweet interchange, renew'd, and pure
From all that clouded, or distained below.
Yet sweeter then, on some ethereal height,
To meet the partners of our early years,
Our hearts' lost treasures! to retrace with them
The maze of earthly life, each beam of truth
That cheered our steps; and then *together* turn
Our raptured gaze on its now Unveiled Source,
And in one worship mix our prostrate souls!
Sure this is some faint vision of the bliss,
Linked with the immortal spirit's memory;
And if remembrance lives within the soul
To bless, or curse it with prophetic voice,
Ere it receives its doom, then must it join
Beings, and acts together, for without
The first, the latter could have had *no* being.
If it lives not, then all assurance dies
Of our identity—waked from our sleep
Of centuries, or thousand centuries;
We might believe ourselves a glorious race,
Created for the skies, nor owing aught
To a Redeemer's love, who on the cross
Bare our deserved death, and by the deed
Bought for us all our Glory, and our Joy!

Truro, 1822.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When these eyes no more can beam on thee,
Thou wilt think on their vanished light;
When these lips are mouldering silently,
With thine they will still unite.

When this cheek is pale, that hath felt the flush
At thy name o'er its surface come;
Thou wilt not forget that deep warm blush,
Tho' tis fading then in the tomb.

When this heart is still that so wildly beat,
When thou breath'd'st thy last farewell,
Thou wilt feel its pulse yet more sadly sweet,
Than in that dear moment's swell.

Oh thine is not the changeling's soul,
To forget the friend once loved;
Oh thine is not the heart to control,
The feelings it once hath proved.

The cold, dark heart will forget the form,
When on earth its name is lost;
But for *thee* it will *then* have its deepest charm,
Oh then thou'lt remember *most!*

And thou wilt not seek to send away
The gentle grief that it brings;
Nor grudge to shed by the moon-light ray,
The regretful tear as it springs.

Thou wilt deem thy feelings far more sweet
Than the voice of revelry;
And prize them as pledges that we shall meet,
Again in yon taintless sky.

Oh! my tears sweetly flow at that thought of bliss,
For then we shall weep no more,
In a world inconceivably brighter than this,
We shall smile at the partings o'er.

THE SWISS SOLDIER'S RETURN.

He comes from the glorious scenes of the war,
And his toil-wearied frame's mark'd with many a scar,
But his helmet looks bright in the easterly beams,
And his habit with scarlet and silver it gleams.

But look at him nearer, is that eye the same
That caught at the tale of the battle its flame?
Is that the bright cheek, like a summer rose-flower,
But a short year ago in his dear native bower?

Oh is that the step that the mountain came o'er,
As swift as the chamois from Zurich's loved shore,
When he knew the sweet beam of the sunset would bring
His Isabel's form to the deep flowing spring?

Oh yes! tis the same, but the wound, and the night,
Of watching and battle, have stolen its light;
Have robb'd that bright cheek of its beautiful glow,
And his high-bounding footstep made feeble and slow.

He looks at the mountains, whose summits of white,
With the rose-hues of morning are blushing and bright;
He looks at the pine-trees their wild peaks that crest,
Waved high in the breeze that has oft fann'd his breast;

They are there where he left them on that fatal day,
When the drum, and the trumpet allured him away;
And they seem a sweet welcome to wave to him now,
Like the friends of his youth from yon dark rocky brow.

But where is the cottage half way up the steep,
At whose sight his young bosom so often would leap?
And where are those forms from the door that would bound,
When his foot-step was heard on the consecrate ground?

The cottage is prostrate, for grief has laid low
The owners' grey heads long beneath the deep snow,
It came on their age like a stealing stream's sway,
On the pine from whose root the earth crumbles away.

Time had mouldered each other support as it passed,
Health, youth, but their *son* left the dearest, the *last*,
When *he* too was gone, what remained but to sink?
'Twas as well as to totter and shake on the brink.

He sees it, he knows o'er the ruin he bends,
And the warm tide of tears o'er his pale cheek descends,
But a moment hope's gleam is lit up in his eye,—
"My Isabel lives—to her cottage I'll fly.

"My Isabel lives in the valley below,
Like a flower she hides, for her soldier doth blow;
Oh war! vain ambition! ye have not bereft
All the joys of your victim, this, this is yet left!"—

He has dashed through the stream, he has crested the rock—
But what is below?—Oh the avalanche-shock,
When it rolls from the mountain's dark summits to crush
All that stands in its path, with one wild fearful rush,

Spreads not such a terror, spreads not such a gloom,
As came o'er his heart, when that beautiful home,
The home of the lovely, the loved and the blest,
He saw levelled too, with the dark valley's breast.

He gazed as the ship-wreck'd on that treach'rous deep,
That has swallow'd his all in its tempests' dread sweep,
And left him bereft on the desolate shore,
With the maddening thought, "I shall see them no more!

And oh is not this oft the life-blighting fate
Of thy sons, Alp-girt Switzerland! since thou wert mate
To Gallia's proud Realm, by the forced vow of power
Made hers, with their toil, and their blood for thy dower?

Oh yes! these they spend for the stranger afar,
On the shores of the stranger find death in the war,
Or return to scenes piercing more deeply the heart,
Than the pangs that the frame and the spirit dispart.

Ah! when were the Mighty e'er friend's to the Free,?
Their shade is the shade of the dark Upas tree,
Their tower of refuge, a dungeon at last,
More dread to the soul than the war-storm's wild blast.

Thou land of the brave, of the noble, of TELL!
Why art thou not still as HE left thee—why dwell
Thy mountain-born children at distance from thee,
But aliens in heart, and in spirit to be,
Or to turn to thy once beloved vallies again,
When nought to defend, or to love shall remain.

TO ERROR.

ERROR! error haste away,
I would nought of thee to-day;
Well thou know'st thy face I hate,
By my page's blotted state;
Yet thou ever comest near,
In despite of frown, and tear.
But for thee I now had soar'd,
Sweetest minstrel ever heard.
Traitor to my minstrel-fame!
Foe to my aspiring breast!
Did I thine attendance claim,
Ask thy power to give me rest?—
No—I shunn'd thee, spurned thee ever,
Yet thou would'st not from me sever,
Still to heart and head would'st creep,
Mingle with my wild harp's sweep,
And destroy each sweeter tone,
With one harsh note of thine own.
Tis for thee, for thee I bleed
'Neath the stern-eyed critic's lash;
And full oft my simple reed,
In the silent tear-brook wash;
Doubting if it be or not,
Pluck'd from a Parnassian grot;

If it ever suck'd the dew,
Helicon's sweet waters threw;
Or from Dullness' muddy marsh,
While Contempt that *Bittern* harsh
Boded what its fate would be,
Were at midnight filched by thee.
If thou knew thou wouldst not tell,
Weaver dark of double spell!
Filleting the blinded eyes
Lest a single gleam arise,
Lest a glimmer like twilight,
Slide into the mental sight.
No, thou'dst let me blunder on,
From harsh tone, to harsher tone,
Like some poor piano thrummer,
Fitter for Egyptian drummer
To some youthful bride of Cairo,
(Mightier in her charms than Pharoah,
And in gauzy pyramid,
As effectually hid;)
Yet permit me to believe,
Eyes did flow, and bosoms heave,
Hearts like stone in Etna melt;
While the only warmth they felt,
Was the glow of indignation,
That such scribbling fool should deem
Her chaotic head's creation,
Should be called a poet's dream.

How can critics Quarterly,
Any *quarter* yield to thee,
Where unshielded by the gold,
Thou dost letter'd warfare hold?
Monthly, weekly, daily, scarce,
Can restrain their weapons fierce,
But these knowing *shorter* hour,
Giv'n the darts of wrath to show'r
Will the precious time employ,
In so exquisite a joy.
He who never knew thy sway
Can't deem others should obey;
No, the imbecile he spurns,
And to dungeon darkness turns.
He the steps hath never known,
Wearisome to Fame's high throne;
With thee dangling at his heels,
Like a chariot's broken wheels'.
No, but on an Eagle's pinion,
Reach'd the Dome, his own dominion;
And above the toiling crowd,
Sits the proudest of the proud.
He ne'er knew, or else *forgets*,
All the pangs, the fumes, the frets,
Felt within his study high,
(Pure-air'd neighbour of the sky!)
When he first took pen in hand,
Waved around the magic wand,

And called Heroes, Peris, Gnomes,
From their earth or heavenly homes,
Then beheld the fair Creation,
Vanish 'neath the flagellation,
Of some aquiline-nosed elf,
(Sweet resemblance of himself;)
Because, *thy* slight shadowing spot,
On the Peri's wing had got,
Or the Demon's form made blacker,
Than his darkest regions lacquer,
Or the Maiden's tale entangled,
Or the Hero *doubly* mangled.
No, these scenes all now lie buried,
Like the dead from memory hurried;
Yes, and freely let them perish,
With the paper they did blemish;
I have no malign objection,
Only (Oh! one interjection
Will creep out in parenthetic,
Crippled feet, the more pathetic,)
Oh when ye have past December,
Will ye not her storms remember?
How ye shook, and how ye shiver'd,
How ye look'd, and how ye quiver'd,
In her chill and livid griping,
Till the tears did start to wiping,
And some pity give to those
Struggling still amidst her snows?

This be all their thought of Error,
Be to them no word of terror,
Be thou only a slight token
That the earthly link's not broken;
That tho' now perchance untwin'd
By the *practised* strength of mind,
It was theirs, and may be yet,
Drag down from the loftiest height,
'Mid the mountain-realms of fame;
And the voice of that acclaim
That made all their music here,
Turn to hiss, or silent sneer.

But, oh Error! not alone
  Do I deprecate thy power,
In the lonely minstrel-tone
  Soother brief of transient hour;
For one beam of genuine song
Shot thy current dark along,
(Spite of any magic spell
That in critic-quill may dwell;)
Would redeem from the Dead Sea
Of unheard Obscurity;
And if it illumined not,
Well deserved was thy lot:
But from each pursuit below,
I would have thee exiled now;

In each thought on minds of earth
May be feared thy embryo birth;
Tho' the mental microscope,
To detect may scarcely hope,
Like the coral-worm, its race
Soon shall form a rocky base,
Which the depths of truth's bright main
Shall attempt to shake in vain.
In each feeling of the heart,
Much I fear thou bear'st a part;
Wandering through its mazes all,
With a voice most musical,
But like Syrens of the sea
Guiling oft to misery.
In each wish the young breast knows
When life first around it glows,
When the rich, soft notes of pleasure,
Make it dance to rapture's measure;
When the first beams of affection
Shine in every direction,
Circling with a wreath of light
Each bright scene that greets the sight;
And (oh vainly, vainly) seeming
As they'd thus for aye be beaming.
Error! yes, thou then art there,
Weaving thy most specious snare;
Chaining to an earthly heaven,
Spirits for a holier given.

Yet be owned, thy sweet enfolding
Then, in such deep joy is holding,
That if life's strings did not sever,
We might wish to err for ever.
Error! if I bend the knee
Now to such captivity,
Let misfortune sting my soul
Till it writhe from thy control,
Till it has no place of rest
Save in the Eternal's breast.
But I know if not in this,
  Thou wilt strive to overcome,
For in sorrow as in bliss
  Thou canst through the bosom roam.
Yet, while to my heart the thought,
Like another weight is brought
To the frame that moves unsteady,
With the burthen borne already;
There is one arising now,
  Like the kind supporting hand,
Or the star that guides the prow,
  To the lovely distant strand.
Tho' I here may feel thy power,
There will come a blessed hour,
When thou shalt *for ever* leave me,
Yes—and one too, to forgive me
Each false step that I have taken,
  Since upon this erring world

Did my infant eyes awaken;
  Thou like other serpents curl'd,
Round my worn and weary breast,
  Shall thy foldings all untwine,
Ere it sinks in that sweet rest,
  Heaven and Nature promise mine.
There thou shalt not dare to enter,
For the OMNIPRESENT MENTOR
Then shall never leave our side,
But himself shall smiling guide
To the fount of sinless pleasure,
Knowing neither end nor measure,
Bowers of love, whose ecstasy
Is but higher purity.

WHAT IS FAME?

Say, what is fame? a melody
That quickly passes from the ear,
And leaves nought but the secret sigh,
That it would breathe no longer near.

A sun-beam on the gloomy cloud,
That soon its lustre shall o'er shade;
A flower thrown upon the shroud,
That wraps the pallid and the dead.

An alms, with cold, reluctant eye,
Presented to the craving soul;
So cold, that it would rather die,
Than deign to take the niggard dole.

This is the praise, the fame, that earth
Doth to its wretched votaries give;
Oh, grant me, that of heavenly worth,
Let me the Eternal's praise receive!

STANZAS WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

THINE is a brilliant moon, sweet night,
  And yet my heart, my soul is gloomy;
I feel I want another light,
  Than nature's fairest to illume me;
The light of hope beyond the sod,
The hope of dwelling with my GOD!

I scarce can bear to mark that ray,
  All lovely, passing from my glance,
Nor know 'twill see a brighter sway,
  When it shall close on yon expanse;
When, to the vision of the soul,
Eternity's dread scenes unroll!

Oh thou, THE UNCREATED SUN
  Of that Illimitable World!
Shed a sweet beam, to guide me on
  Through life's dark path, that, when are hurl'd
Death's final darts at thy behest,
I glad may hail the hour of rest,
Sweet hour! to this most weary breast!

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN AFFLICTION ILLUSTRATED.

Oh, ever-welcome Solitude! with thee
The soul returns to its first purity,
Taught in thy shades above the world to rise,
And claim again its kindred with the skies!

If from constitutional melancholy only, or even that which is contracted by an early acquaintance with disappointment and misfortune, I were in love with solitude; I should endeavour to conquer that passion as a feeling the indulgence of which was inconsistent with the design of our being: but it is otherwise—reason in this case is on the side of inclination, and tells me, that, though uninterrupted seclusion is neither practicable, nor proper, to those who cannot resolve to immure themselves within the walls of a hermitage or a monastery; occasional and lengthened retirements are indispensable to the preservation of vigour of mind and principle; and delicacy of sentiment and feeling; and that neither can be acquired or retained without it. We do not expose tender and delicate herbs to the continual blaze of a fervid sun: they would be prematurely expanded, and therefore would prematurely wither;—neither must the delicate unfoldings of the heart and intellect be continually brought before public observation:—it will induce them too hastily to put forth their

powers, and eventually, much injure, if not wholly destroy, that strength and beauty which might have adorned and improved the world. Youth, therefore, should be nurtured in much seclusion, should be taught to examine the actions, of which they may be informed, by the unerring rules of virtue and reason, far from the voice of popular clamour, which is made up of selfish interests, and ignorant prejudices. They will thus lay a foundation of right principles in their hearts that will be unfailingly communicated to the succeeding age. There is scarcely any habit so degrading to the character of a man, as a rational being, as the indiscriminate adoption of opinions *because* they are held by *others*; it is this which produces that absurd and lamentable party spirit, which infallibly engenders servility, and all its train of dastardly feelings, and contemptible actions; and which is the bane of every social feeling and noble principle. Yet, who that continually mingles with the world, and is incessantly identified with some particular interest, can entirely avoid the contagion? it is only in solitude that he has power to detect his errors. And there, how frequently will the blush of self-accusation, mount to the cheek of the ingenuous, at the idea that they have meanly given their assent to actions, which, in the retirement of their hearts they condemn; and which, had they sought it before, they would have spurned and avoided.

It is in deep solitude too that our most fervent aspirations after the Deity must be breathed; it is in the lonely contemplation of his works that we feel our spirits most elevated to the all-glorious Creator,—any division of attention with a

fellow being destroys the deep and overpowering feeling of his SINGLE PRESENCE.—We are alone with GOD;—we have no thought, no ear, no eye, for any other object; we hear him, we see him, we feel him, in every breath, in every tint, in every beam; and while that *one* scene of nature is unshared by another human gaze, He converses through its medium *only* with us. Then it is that we hear him pronounce as it were aloud, "my son or my daughter give me thine heart; behold how worthy am I, thy creating Father, of the offering! if these be the beauties of the earth, which is intended for so short a sojourn of those who love me, canst thou imagine those of that region which is to be thy eternal dwelling-place?" The soft decline of evening seems most congenial to the influence of solitary feelings and contemplations; then have we leisure for the retrospect of the day, for the recollection of mercies that demand praise, and of deliverances that ask gratitude; for the repose of the mind after its incessant toils, and the indulgence of the heart in soft and tender emotions. It may be added, for the discipline of the spirit to the endurance of the fresh toils and disappointments, which the experience of the past may have taught us to expect.

In cases of deep affliction, what situation is so desirable as Solitude? How torturing to the distressed mind, is the necessity of continual exposure to the public eye; and the consequent suppression of feelings which nature tells us must be indulged, that the heart may be relieved, and the mind restored to its former tone and elasticity!—I shall here beg leave to introduce a little tale to evidence the salutary effects of

retirement in an instance of extreme grief, as an example to those who, when oppressed with its weight, vainly, and I may say impiously endeavour to lose the memory of their Maker's chastisements in the frivolous and frequently guilty society of the gay and the dissipated.

I was once acquainted with a young and beautiful girl, who to all the advantages of a lovely person, added the superior charms of a richly cultivated understanding. She was early united to a gentleman in all respects worthy of her, and for two years the beautiful retreat of L——— was emparadised by a domestic union, the most uninterrupted and endearing that could be experienced on earth. Delighting only in the society of his adored wife, he was never absent from her, except when the requirements of his sacred duties as a clergyman obliged him to visit his more distant parishioners; the distance of their humble habitations from his own, never excusing him from an office which he justly considered one of the most important that is entrusted to a christian minister. Returning one winter's evening from a village some few miles on the other side of the river near which the parsonage stood, a sudden gust of wind overset the boat; assistance came too late to save him, and the following morning, he who had been the light of his dwelling-place, the father of the fatherless, the ready friend of the distressed, and the unwearied guide of the wandering into the paths of everlasting life, was stretched upon the sable bier; those eyes for ever closed which beamed with benevolence on all around him, powerless those hands, which were ever open to relieve, and

pulseless that heart which had beat with the most unconfined egard to all the human race. I will not endeavour to paint the first agony of his bereaved wife, nor the depth of anguish exhibited on her countenance. Her mother, after the last melancholy duties were performed, insisted on her accompanying her to London; declaring that the grief to which she knew she would yield herself, would destroy her. Arrived in the metropolis, the mistaken parent hurried her daughter from one scene of amusement to another, in the fruitless hope of dissipating her melancholy.—I was favoured with her correspondence during this period, and shall here extract part of a letter which will sufficiently show the inefficacy of such comforters of sorrow. "Oh my Eliza! it is in vain, in vain, all in vain—I am wretched in the midst of the most brilliant society; the dying shriek of my Edward mixes with the liveliest music, and but for the dread of observation, the hysteric sob of agony would be so too.—I sink daily to the grave,—I die of grief, with the forced smile of calmness and composure on my cheek,—I must return and yield myself a victim to the destroyer,—I must come and repose my aching head and wrung heart by my Edward, and you must educate my child."

My soul was poignantly pained, but I instantly wrote to encourage her resolution of returning to her home. She arrived one dreary evening, when the moaning trees seemed to be breathing a renewed requiem over their departed master, and to mix their sympathies with the deep griefs of the desolate widow. I gazed with the intensest interest on her still beautiful but marble-like features,—the finger of death seemed to have already passed over them, and faded on the cheek and

lip those beautiful tints that had once promised to the enraptured gaze of admiring affection a long and uninterrupted bloom. Her form was wasted to a shadow, and she seemed the victim of internal conflicts, of suppressed, but never subdued feelings. For more than an hour she wept unceasingly on my bosom, and called upon the name of her Edward;—in that room they had tasted so frequently the sweets of each others society;—she should know them no more. I attempted not to allay these effusions of grief; I knew they were the natural, the *due* tributes of her heart to the being who was most worthy of it; to deny them were absolute cruelty to the deep, unadulterated emotions of that love which should ever exist between those who bind themselves by the "unrecallable vow." Her tears were the sacred relief accorded to her grief-oppressed soul; it would have been equally vain and unfeeling to have reasoned with her on their inutility to restore the lost; I allowed them to flow in silence, as I would have desired the same indulgence for myself, under the same circumstances. She became at length somewhat more composed, and faintly said, "My Eliza, you know my heart better than my mother—it is more tranquil now than since my bitter loss, deeply as these scenes of my past felicity recall it;—you must allow me to indulge my griefs,—you know what cause I have to mourn." Her tears gushed afresh, but there was less of agony in their flow, and I observed with a gleam of hope the returning calm of her voice and manner. That night, however, she slept but little, and wept frequently; in the intervals of composure I endeavoured to call her

mind to the contemplation of the bright futurity, and the expectation she might cherish of being reunited to the object of her affection in a happier region. She heard me in silence, but with an eye of tearful supplication turned towards heaven, as if she prayed that this hope might be her only consolation; she could indeed have no other wish, no other anticipation, but to meet him there.

I endeavoured in the morning to awaken her maternal feelings, by presenting to her, her child. This object, as I expected, at first excited fresh ebullitions of feeling; the fatherless infant of her adored husband could not but give birth to the deepest and tenderest sensibilities. But of all the kindred affections those of a mother, are, I conceive, the most arousing; they forbid the selfish indulgence of a grief that prevents the discharge of parental duties. I saw that the appealing helplessness of her child had reconciled her to the endurance of existence: she looked at me, and then at the little cherub, "you must not talk of dying, my dear Ellen," said I, "while you have that tie to life;"—she spoke not, but lifted her beautiful dark eyes to heaven, with an expression in them which I can never forget,—it was a faultering petition for resignation to the Divine will,—a struggle between a wish to depart, and the tender yearnings of a mother over her child. Could she have performed her duties to her as a disembodied spirit, she had, I thought, preferred it; but this could not be—and—yes—she would be content to live, to bear the cruel separation for the sake of watching over the pledge he had left; she would strive to perform the offices of both

parents, to make this precious relic of his affection worthy of its beloved father.

Many a month passed on in which I had frequent opportunities of seeing her; tears continually started into her eyes at our meeting, and on no topic would she speak, but her heart-rooted loss. She was as the consecrated marble of the tomb—Sacred to the Memory of the loved and departed; no other name could find a place in her breast, no other's virtues meet a memorial there. But amidst this deep and constant impression of her soul, this intensity of devotion to the remembrance of her husband, I could perceive that the withering effects of sorrow had passed away; she freely indulged her feelings, and her recollections; but she indulged them in conjunction with the everlasting hope which the Gospel offers;—she drank the cup of bitterness, but found at the bottom, even as she conceived amongst its dregs, the honeyed balm of heavenly comfort.

The education of her infant daughter also became a source of amelioration to her griefs; and the contemplation of her expanding intellect, though mixed with the tenderest regrets that there was "none beside" to watch its growing beauty, still afforded inexpressible pleasure. Could she have known aught of these in the society of the brilliant crowds of Fashion? if that can be called *society*, where a *really* social feeling is scarcely found to exist. Would her tortured soul have forgotten its griefs, because she concealed them? or could she have found comfort from those who did not understand her sorrows, or if they did, were ignorant of the means of cure? My lovely

friend after the lapse of ten years is still a widow, waiting patiently, as she writes me, her reunion with the only partner of her soul; but soothed in the house of her pilgrimage by the gentle and affectionate attentions of the daughter for whose sake she has lived. Frequently does she recur with pensive gratitude to her return to Solitude and the softening, nay hallowing effects it has had on her griefs: frequently does she observe, that, though seclusion be the Nurse of sorrow, it is also its most delicate Consoler; and the most effectual Teacher of those divine truths which can alone enable us to support it.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

Oh, how can they tell thee to stay the deep fountains
Of grief, that bereavement has open'd in thy breast!
Let them chain in their first gush the streams of the mountains,
When the winter's dark clouds have their bosoms oppress'd.

Oh, how can they bid thee allay thy wild sorrow,
With the comfortless thought that thy sorrow is vain?
'Tis but saying to-day is less dark than to-morrow,
And that each one succeeding shall deepen thy pain:

For each that thou see'st in beauty declining,
Must say to thy heart that it severs thee more
From those days, when on thee those sweet love-beams were shining,
Whose lustre and light are on Earth ever o'er.

'Tis true, holy faith bids them say they bring nearer
That season of joy, when on high ye shall meet;
But Religion's sweet voice is too gentle a cheerer,
To repress the indulgence of feelings so sweet.

She loves the rich flow of the deep founts of feeling,
  She touches their streams with the honeyed rod,
The Marah of sorrow, though still it be stealing
  Through thy bosom, shall own it is sweetened by God.

Fair mourner, weep on; it is meet, it is nature
  That prompts all the tears from thine eyelids that flow,
Tho' pallid with grief grow each beautiful feature,
  'Tis fit tribute to him that now slumbers below.

Shall the kindred of soul, with less anguish be parted
  Than the kindred of blood? oh! tho' hallow'd and dear,
(As the tears of the parent or child, broken-hearted,
  Oft speak, as they bend o'er the consecrate bier;)

Is it aught like to that, that once bless'd thy lone spirit?
  Is it aught like to that, that once glow'd in thy heart?
Did their meetings such deep tears of rapture inherit,
  Dim they e'er with such thrillings of agony part?

'Twas the love of thy youth, the first love of thy bosom;
  Can its sacred remembrance be ever erased?
No, 'twill twine round thy heart like a beautiful blossom,
  Tho' with tears, bitter tears, every rich tint be traced.

Oh yes! but amidst, shall, ere long be ascending
A breathing of fragrance celestially sweet,
A whisper of hope with grief's burning sigh blending,
"We shall—yes—we shall—in Eternity meet."

We shall—yes—we shall—in that realm be united,
Where death never dared to uncover a tomb,
To hide the loved form that affection's eyes lighted,
And desolate make the emparadised *home*.

We shall—yes—we shall—in that land know re-union,
Where Heaven's own hand can ne'er sever us more,
But eternally smile on the endless communion,
And bid us together its mercy adore."

THE MINSTREL'S FORTITUDE.

I KNEW him in his childhood's days,
I saw the thickening cloud
Of sorrow, blacken o'er the rays,
That once around him glow'd;
I saw him gaze around, and mark
His young companions gone;
I saw his brow a moment dark,
His eye a moment lose the spark
Of joy, that erst there shone;
He paused, then dashed away the tear
I marked upon his lid appear,
Then whisper'd, (oh! 'twas strange to hear
That sad yet lofty tone,)
"Heart, thou didst love them very dear,
They're fled, but *bear thou on!*"

I saw the loveliest glow of youth
Adorn that cheek and brow,
The sweetest tones of friendship's truth
From those soft rose-lips flow;
The brightest beams of Genius dart,
From that all sunlike eye,

The rich deep feelings of the heart,
Spurning the hateful bonds of art,
All other wealth supply.
He pour'd the minstrel-strain along,
In many a spirit-thrilling song,
Was it weak?—he sought some gentle tongue,
To praise his melody;
There came the hiss of scorn instead
Of that sweet lauding tone;
He bent a moment his young head,
But no unmanly tear was shed,
A wild flush o'er his visage spread,
Like lightning "sêen and gone,"
Then raised, and soft but firmly said,
"My spirit, still *bear on!*"

I saw the doubtful power of love
Come over that young breast,
I marked it raised his soul above
All dark fates that oppressed;
I saw the added glance of light,
With which all scenes he view'd,
Sun, moon and star-beams, day and night,
Or dark, or brilliant-hued;—
I deem'd it must be a sweet power,
To brighten so the lustrous hour,
To give of light a gem-like dower
To midnight Solitude;

He whisper'd, " 'twas"—with glittering tears,
With sighs, such sighs as suit the ears
Of spirits passed to other spheres,
  Delicious, soft, subdued ;—
They passed away—I saw him stand,
With hot brow pressed upon his hand,
Cheek flush'd, now pale as that by wand,
  Of Sculpture rais'd from stone :
Anon he forced a bitter smile,
Then whisper'd, " could I dream of guile ;
That faith, and love were but a wile,
  A Phantom's offered boon ?
It is hard task to root up thought,
With every heart-pulse deep inwrought,
Too hard for me,—the aim were nought,
  But, spirit, still *bear on !*

He said, " bear on," and rushed away,
  And mingled with the crowd ;
And utter'd words as light and gay,
  As from their own lips flow'd :
But there was an unearthly gleam
In that bright glance's fever'd beam ;
  The Phantom Memory glow'd
Before his sight, in every scene,
Or where he had or had *not* been ;
There was a form beside him seen,
  And from its loved lips flowed

Accents that had given life and death,
All mingled now in one strange breath.

He said "*bear on*," but one could see,
  The welcome hour drew near,
When from grief, scorn, and treachery,
  His heart *no more* should bear:
Oh! ye might mark, that, while he spoke,
He felt the bursting of life's yoke,
That while he strove to *bear* there broke,
  The heart-strings one by one,
Then smiled he with a Martyr's pride,
And with his last throb secret sigh'd,
  "To death I have bore on."

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Now, world, I am no longer thine,
  The evening dews are falling,
And the bright sunset's golden line,
  Like minstrel-harp's, seems calling
To me to break thy chains away,
And yield me to its music's sway.

Now, world, I am no longer thine,
  The founts of thought and feeling
I seal up in the day, to join
  The scenes thou art revealing,
Around my heart flow deep and free,
And separate me all from thee.

It seems now like some peaceful isle,
  Amid soft halcyon billows,
Where love and sacred Friendship smile,
  And sweet contentment pillows,
And thoughts, like night-birds pour a-far
Their songs, unconscious of thy jar.

And soft around sweet Memory.
  Like half-veiled moon is shining,
Pure-beamed but shadow'd transiently.
  The Present's clouds soft lining
With lovely light from sunbeams set,
Cheering the dark hours of Regret.

And sparkling from the depths a-far
  Of the dim future's sky,
Appears the ever-cheering star,
  Of my lone destiny,
The star of Hope, in world of woe,
We need no other's prophet-glow.

And thus all deck'd it can't but joy,
  When these sweet tides dissever
From thee, and all thy realm's employ,
  And wish they might for ever,
To be such habitation sweet,
Where all the loved and lovely meet.

And tho' in light of Memory's beam,
  Or Hopes advancing glory,
No airy halls of wealth shall gleam,
  To shine in future story,
A lowly altar there will rise,
Adorned with many a sacrifice.

Sweet feelings of the midnight hour,
  Ascending to their Spirit,
With perfume of a sweeter power,
  Than night-buds' breasts inherit
From all their parents' fragrant race;—
The breath of gratitude and praise.

Tears richer, brighter in His sight,
  Than all the glittering lustre
Of gems upon the brow of night,
  Or diadem's deep cluster;
Tears of a child's repentant love,
Which angels smile on from above.

And thus when it again shall be
  To thy dark shores united,
It will not blend its soil with thee,
  Nor feel the blasts that blighted
Its fairer flowers, can wither so,
That some should not revive and blow.

Oh yes, they will, despite of all
  The darkest storms assailing,
Tho' some beneath their rage may fall,
  Some over Death prevailing,
Shall live with those of Heavenly birth,
When it has lost its name on Earth.

STANZAS OCCASIONED BY MENTAL OBLIGATIONS.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MY BENEFACTOR.

Oh the sweet and ardent feelings,
That from grätitude arise,
How their eloquent revealings
Flush the cheek, and fill the eyes!

Who that once had power to rouse them,
Would the precious joy forego,
That to Heaven doth espouse them,
Soothers of another's woe?

Who to be the proud possessor,
Of the world's most lofty throne;
Would resign the hallow'd pleasure
In another's raptures known?

Thou that hast within my bosom,
Given to such feelings birth,
There unfadingly to blossom,
Till it shall return to Earth;

Thou, I know, the power prizest,
More than every gift beside;
Tho', in every gift thou risest,
To the loftiest minds allied.

And I cannot feel them glowing,
Thus intensely in my breast,
And restrain my lips from showing,
What might make a moment blest.

Yes, e'en blest, sure here excused,
Of all vanity I sing,
For tho' to my fate's refused,
Such a power as thine doth bring;

Yet my heart can well imagine
What its hallow'd bliss would be,
If the humblest human bosom,
Owned it owed a joy to me.

Thou, in soul so much above me,
How much higher will be thine,
If this simple strain shall prove me,
Glowing with the flame divine!

Howe'er humble the clay altar,
  Whence the hallow'd warmth shall rise;
Howe'er untaught lips may falter,
  In attempted melodies;

Yet thou'lt see the heart's devotion,
  Hear the fervour of the soul;
And the purest, best emotion,
  Through thine own shall sweetly roll.

Thou wilt see thy ingrate species,
  Holds amongst its tribes yet one,
Drawn by Gratitude's soft leashes,
  To reveal what thou hast done.

(Drawn by Fancy, Thought, and Feeling,
  To speak all it owes to thee,
These like texture all revealing,
  To the grasp of memory.)

Raised the heart when it was sinking.
  Hope's rich draught to me did bear,
When my prostrate soul was drinking
  At the black fount of despair!

Gave new impulses to powers
  Perishing within my breast,
Like the mildew-stricken flowers,
  On the dark, chill, lonely waste.

And while these can shed a lustre,
  On the desert paths of life,
And make hope's sweet blossoms cluster,
  Spite of all the storm-clouds' strife.

From each deeply-glowing flower,
  Tributes shall distil for thee,
Choicest of thy minstrel's bower,
  Tears of feeling, rich and free.

FRAGMENT.

Let not my life be like the stagnant lake,
  For ever sleeping in the sunny beam,
I ask it not—no! rather let it make
  A course like that of some fair mountain stream,—
  Now rushing on its way with many a beam
Of sunny hope, now gliding through the mead
  Of verdant joy, and now, (if Heaven deem
More useful,) through the dark and lowly shade,
Tho' it be lost to *sight* it still may verdure aid.

STANZAS.

How duly doth this restless heart,
  In solitude return to thee,
And feel as if it could not part,
  Or would not, with thy memory!

And well it may, for who beside
  Would feel so deeply for its fate?
Who when a thousand leagues divide,
  Such thoughts to me would consecrate?

Thine is a hallow'd love indeed,
  A love from mortal stain as free,
As if thy gentle soul were freed,
  From feelings of mortality.

My heart can rest secure on thine,
  As if it own'd a seraph's beat,
A claim of kindred all divine,
  On earth we scarcely hope to meet.

My spirit into thine I pour,
And when the sacred union's rent
On earth, I feel 'twill not be o'er,
But shine above yon firmament.

Oh the last night, the last sweet night
We gazed together on that sky,
What inexpressible delight,
Lifted to heaven the tear-fraught eye!

And tho' the separating hour
Its silver-moments quickly brought,
They brought the vision of that bower
Where separation enters *not*.

TO MY MOTHER SINGING.

Sing on, sing on, my mother,
Thy voice is sweet to me:
More sweet than any other
It sure deserves to be;
The voice that soothed my infant breast,
The voice that ever lull'd to rest!

Sing on, sing on, my mother!
Thou singest of our God;
That theme, that in another
And holier abode,
Shall wake thy gentle voice for ever,
And fill with raptures ending never.

Sing on, sing on, my mother!
Oh tho' thy tones be weak,
Do not thine accents smother;
Those sweet tears on thy cheek,
To him who hears thee from the sky,
A louder melody supply.

He knows the fountain flowing,
He sees the humble heart,
They are as words all-glowing
With more than words impart;
Breathed to the breast that knows them all,
And lets not one unnoticed fall.

Sing on, sing on, my mother,
And while thy strains arise,
Implore that we together,
May sing in yonder skies:
Where ransom'd families shall never
Cease from the song of joy for ever.

STANZAS.

There is a darkness on the mountain,
  There is a darkness on the deep,
Shadow hides the sparkling fountain,
  Tho' its murmurs do not sleep.

Darkness rests upon the valley,
  Like a veil across it thrown;
Whence the gushing brooklets sally
  Is revealed but by their tone.

But amidst this depth of sable,
  Brooding sullen o'er the ground,
Will not heavenly thought be able
  Still to cast its eye around?

Light is still above her beaming,
  Though its source be dim and far,
Light is still around her gleaming,
  From each lone and distant star.

Emblem of the hopes of Heaven,
  When the hopes of Earth are fled,
For one beam ten thousand given,
  Myriad glories for a shade!

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

Oh, very beautiful thou art,
  Sweet babe! but thou wilt yet be fairer,
When of Heaven's throng thou form'st a part,
  When of Heaven's bliss thou art a sharer.

How calm and peaceful is thy breast,
  Dear infant! but 'twill be far more,
When thou hast gained the land of rest,
  And bloomest on the heavenly shore.

How pure thy bosom, without thought
  Of sin! but 'twill be purer still,
When thou to Heaven's own breast art caught,
  And tak'st at Love's pure fount thy fill.

How lov'd thou art!—how fondly hangs
  Thy anxious parent o'er thy bed!
But oh! with not, not half the pangs
  With which thy Saviour for thee bled:

With which he hung upon the tree,
  Thy Saviour, Father, King, and God!
Yes, these, all these, dear babe, to thee,
  Bathed deep in streams of human blood.

Oh, if that God, that King, that Sire,
  That Saviour, thy young life shall spare,
Through Sorrow's and Temptation's fire,
  May'st thou thy firm allegiance bear.

ANTICIPATIONS OF A FUTURE STATE.

World! what art thou, without the hopes of Heaven?
Oh what art thou, without the smiles of God?
A wilderness to Desolation given,
Where nought but Misery could make abode.

What, if when past is all thy care and pain,
No after-being came to crown the soul,
By the dark weary sojourn would it gain,—
A long, laborious race, without a goal?

To die, and to be nothing, who can bless
A thought so blank? 'twere better ne'er to be,
Never to know 'Existence' happiness,
Whose joy is *based* on its *Eternity*.

My shrinking spirit turns it from the view
Of dim, dark, drear Annihilation's pall,
To scenes where Immortality's bright hue
Steeps every scene, and makes the joy of all.

How blessed, as the sunny beams decline,
To know they wing our passage to the sky;
To know they ope to us a sun whose shine
Illumes the happy land eternally!

How sweet to think, when toil with weariness
O'erpowers the sinking frame, and sadd'ning breast,
That every passing hour makes one the less,
And bears us onward to a land of rest!

How sweet when friends are dying in our arms,
When love's dear voice we can no longer hear,
That we shall meet them clad in heavenliest charms,
And breathing strains that please th' Eternal's ear!

Oh what sweet thoughts come o'er me, land of Heaven!
When I muse on thee! What a seraph-glow
To this poor heart of clay is sometimes given!
What scorn, what pity of the world below!

I am made one of your bright habitants,
I taste of purity, thy master-bliss,
For oh! in all Eternity's expanse,
There is no sweeter, higher joy than this.

Yes, to be pure, to know no thought of ill,
No feeling that can ever taint the breast,
This, this is perfect happiness to feel,
This, this can make the world's bleak desert blest.

Beautiful skies and planets! when I gaze
Upon your glories, e'er the thought comes o'er,
There is above your orbs a brighter blaze;
Ye are but beckoners to the eternal shore.

Fair flowers of Earth! pure dew-drops of the morn!
Frail, but most lovely! when I look on you,
'Tis but to think what lovelier flowers adorn
The realm that lies above my mortal view!

Bright streams, fresh gushing from a thousand hills,
Bathing the beauteous flowers ye wake to birth!
Your crystal flowing but my fancy fills
With Heaven's pure fount for ever gushing forth.

Sweet music! whose soft voice wakes every chord
Of my late jarring breast to melody,
Thou dost but bring the heavenly accord
That all unites above Eternally.

Spring, beauteous, soft as if breathed down from Heaven!
Bright Summer, with its emblem splendours crown'd!
Rich Autumn, deck'd with fruits its beams have given!
Drear Winter, on assembled tempests throned!

What are ye all but images of Love,
Majesty, Goodness, boundless as their sway!
Where point ye all our thoughts! to realms above,
That never saw the changing season's ray.

Sweet thoughts of Heaven! thus ever fill my breast,
The world, the beauteous world, without would be
An intermediate gulph of souls unblest,
A vision of the dark Futurity!

But filling thus,—oh! 'tis a sojourn sweet,
An ante-chamber to the Palace high,
Where we may deck our souls, our King to meet,
And banquet on his love Eternally.

ENQUIRIES AT HOME.

WHAT wert thou made for, Hand?
To labour and bestow;
This was the Heaven's most high command,
Who formed the joints to bow,
Obedient to the wish and will,
Ere these the beating heart did thrill!

I can extend thee,—ne'er be thou
Contracted in that hour
When Poverty, and Age, and Woe
Come pleading at my door:
Ne'er emblem thou the narrow heart,
That cannot with its little part.

I can contract thee, *never* ope
To take into thy clasp
Of Friendship, one whose heart's poor scope
None but *himself* can grasp;
Tho' own'd he India's treasury,
His hand is not the hand for thee.

No, tho' it held the golden shower
Of Fortune, and of Fame,
And seem'd to promise a rich dower
Of ingots, and acclaim;
The touch avoid, the gift despise;
Neglect, and want, are higher prize.

Feet! what was Heaven's destiny,
When its creating power,
Form, and swift motion gave to ye,
In life's advancing hour?
What paths appointed for your tread,
And to their sacred entrance led.

Not those to mines of golden store,
Not to the palace dome,
Nor gilded haunts of pride and power,
Nor Fashion's lamp-lit room;
Temples where demon-passions glow,
Or smiles conceal the sting of woe.

No, to the house of secret grief,
Where flows the bitter tear,
That asks not, hopes not sweet relief,
In world so dark and drear;
There should your daily path be found,
Heaven's own appointed holy ground.

Or to the temple, where the breath
Of prayer is went to rise,
And precepts pure, that save from death,
And lead to yonder skies;
The ever-blessed sanctuary,
Where Heaven's high King delights to be.

Or where the ever-glorious scene
Of nature courts the eye,
Or drest in Spring's fair robes of green,
Or Winter's majesty,—
Unwearied may ye wander there,
And find its paths for ever fair.

Eyes! windows of the immortal mind!
What should ye give her view?
What radiance of divinest kind
Illuminate through you?
Should not sun, moon, and star-beams bright,
Emblem the Uncreated Light?

Bold travellers, whose lightning path
Scales to the highest Heaven,
Bring lessons from the tempest's wrath,
And every star-beam given,
And every flower, and every dye
That paints the earth, and gems the sky,

Who may your wide excursions tell,
O'er earth, and skies, and sea?
And who upon the range may dwell,
Of *those* of *Deity?*
Enough to know their searching gaze,
Ever each glance of your's surveys.

Lips—the high soul's interpreters!
The outlets of the mind,
By which it meets, with which it stirs
The spirits of its kind;
Oh never open but to bear
The purest testimony there.

What sacred offices hath Heaven
Assigned in love to you?
To you sweet Mercy's plead is given,
For others' want and woe;
Oh, more than armies, to defend
The injured, whether foe or friend.

To breathe the words of peace and love
Into the jarring breast;
To shew, by precepts from above,
Forgiveness makes all blest,
To join with sweet persuasion's power,
Those hearts that thought to meet no more.

Oh! what a gush of feeling then
Would from the heart arise?
Oh! more than can be traced by pen,
Or flow in melodies,
Lips! more than ye have power to tell,
Tho' aided by the deepest shell.

But higher yet your offices,
More sweet your blest employ;
To pour the secret song of praise
To him who gave the *joy*,
Who gave the power to breathe a word
To wake the heart's delightful chord.

To bless his name for such a bliss,
For every bliss I taste,
But most, oh! ever most for this—
To make another blest;
For this above all else, shall prove
My spirit fit for realms above.

And oh! when there, how sweet to be
All consecrate and pure,
My frame, and every faculty
All fitted to adore,
And serve my Heavenly Sire for ever,
With zeal and love abating never!

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

Now is the time
For thought sublime,
When the stars to the heights of Heaven climb
And invite the soul
To the same high goal,
Oh, far away from this world of crime.

Now is the hour
For feeling's power,
To fall o'er the heart like a precious shower;
Like a shower of dew
From the night-arch blue,
While its sacred tears from their fountains pour.

Now is a ray
On the hill and bay,
Oh! sweeter far than they wear by day;
'Tis the planet bright
Of Memory's night,
That steals all the gloom of her shades away.

Oh! now to dwell
On those loved well,
Who may the sad sweet rapture tell?
Oh! none but those
From whose deep soul flows,
The music of the minstrel's shell!

Oh! now to keep
Still watch by the deep,
While it smiles like a babe in a dreaming sleep,
And the moon above
Bends a look like love,
All the calm fair breast in its light to steep.

'Tis a joy, a joy,
That can never cloy,
That might the heart for an age employ,
While that bore too
One lov'd form's view,
That claims from the eye its softest dew.

Oh! now to think
Of the blue sea's brink,
Where we stood on a night that seem'd sister to this,
With a brow as fair,
And as soft as air,—
Methinks, methinks 'tis a sacred bliss.

Shall we meet no more?
Are the feelings o'er
That blest our bosoms in that sweet hour?
Those moments are past,
They could not last,
But their memory is traced on the heart's deep core.

Would'st thou yield a part
Of their joy, my heart,
For all the splendours round wealth that dart?
Oh! the palace door
Only shuts on the poor,
On the wretched from whom thou would'st glad depart.

Depart to be
By the lonely sea,
With yon moonlight glory encircling thee,
And a friend beloved
Through life's sorrows proved,
Speaking soft of the bless'd Eternity.

TO A RIVER.

Beautiful river! where art thou flowing?
Whence dost thou thus in thy melody come?
Where hast thou been all thy freshness bestowing?
Why dost thou wander so far from thy home?

Dost thou not know that the storm-blast will meet thee?
Heave into dark waves thy calm azure breast?
Dost thou not know that the torrent will sweep thee
Along in its whirlpools, and give thee no rest?

Dost thou not know that its blendings will dim thee?
Dost thou not know that with earth it will stain?
All the sweet sun-beams that after shall gem thee,
Never can make thee untainted again!

Dost thou not know the ice-gale will come o'er thee,
E'en from the shores thou hast water'd and blest?
And amidst all thy music, thy light, and thy glory,
Make Heaven's own beamings seem dark on thy breast.

Dost thou not know that the sea will engulph thee,
  Take thy bright waters, but give thee none back,
Roar out its joy like the wolf as he quaffs thee,
  But send not a spray-drop to freshen thy track?

No, thou know'st not, and the young heart's pure feelings
  Flow on as thou dost, and meet the same fate;
Sorrow's wild storm in its darkest revealings,
  Passion's deep torrents when seek they their mate.

Oh, can the stain, and the toss of that bosom
  E'er be made pure by the sun-beams of fame?
Flourish again in its depths the white blossom,
  Rooted as firmly as e'er that flood came?

Ice too will meet them, the ice of unkindness,
  Chain all their sweet tides, and freeze all their flow,
Dim the bright eyes till they turn, as in blindness
  From the sweet Heavens all dark to them now.

And the world's Ocean to which they are pouring,
  All the deep streams gushing warm from the heart,
Ne'er of its wealth and its smiles' lavish show'ring,
  Will to that bosom one waste drop impart.

Yes, thou art emblem, thou beautiful river!
  Of the young warm bosom's destiny here;
And is there none, is there none to deliver?
  Opes there no path in this desert of fear?

Yes there is one, one sure path of escaping,
  One radiant channel that leads to no ill,
Streams that through this are their bright courses shaping,
  Ice-chain, nor torrent, nor tempest shall feel.

Calm and untainted shall e'er be their flowing,
  And heaven's sea when life's desert is past,
On it shall be on each bosom bestowing
  Waters of joy that Eternally last.

FRAGMENT.

I KNEW a man who in his younger days,
  Had been a lover and a happy one,
Drank of love's gentle breath, bask'd in its rays,
  And deem'd on Earth his Paradise begun:
He was right there, for Paradise is love,
There is no other Paradise above!

I saw him some years after, when the glow
  Of youth had pass'd from eye and cheek away,
And on his hair there was a tint of snow,
  A waning tint between the gold and grey,
But he look'd cheerful, and I ask'd if yet
He were not happy with his gentle mate?

He gazed upon me, and a glistening tear
  I saw steal o'er that eye of fading blue,
And then he pointed to the earth, "Here here,"
  He whispered, "perish'd all the joy I knew;
Oh speak not to me of love's gentle ray!
'Tis quench'd tis buried in the house of clay!"

I saw him yet once more, 'twas on the bed
  Of his last sickness, yet a brighter beam
Shot from his eye than when I met his tread,
  Bless'd with his love beneath the evening gleam:
He clasp'd my hand and joyful said, "Above
I go, I go, to join my angel love!"

Oh! then there came a light upon my soul,
  Like the sweet breaking of a heavenly day,
And I beheld how Heaven doth controul,
  All life's events to burst the bond of clay,
It gives sweet love, a taste of its own bliss,
Recalls,—to make us long for its full happiness!

THE TOMB OF THE BARD.

Refuse not thy tear to the tomb of the bard,
  Thou know'st not how oft for thy bliss,
For the strain that awaken'd thy heart's sweetest chord,
  His lyre was water'd with his.

If he bring to thy bosom the image of one,
  Thy heart has enshrined in its urn,
Ah! haply that lay from his bosom was won,
  By a love that refused a return.

If he sing of sweet Friendship, and waken the string
  Of Memory's harp in thy breast,
Whose sweet tones still over its pulses can bring,
  Recollections of friends that have blest;—

Perchance when again to his own lonely heart
  His voice hath repeated that lay,
It has brought the keen anguish, the soul-wringing smart,
  That falsehood and baseness convey!

If he sing of the brightness, the glory of Fame,
'Till he waken thy love of renown;
For the wreath that shall haply encircle thy name,
He has borne the world's withering frown.

Then turn not thine eyes from the minstrel's lone grave,
Oh refuse not thy tears to his tomb,
Let them drop, and the flowers they cherish shall wave
To thee a yet sweeter perfume.

And haply his spirit soft hovering near,
Shall infuse itself into thy breast,
Shall heave in thy sigh, and shall shine in thy tear,
And sure it would not be unblest

But oh! if indeed o'er the minstrel's lone sod
The fond silent tear thou canst shed,
And embalm with thy pure sigh the damp heavy clod
That lies on his mouldering head:

Already the soul of a minstrel is thine,
None but minstrel o'er minstrel can weep;
None but those that have bent at the same holy shrine,
With feelings as sacred, as deep,

O'er a loved fellow-worshipper's cold lonely urn,
In the land of the stranger will bend;
And e'er to the sacred indulgence return,
While his steps through the dark realm shall wend;

And none but the votary of nature, and song
Will repair where a votary lies,
Will turn from the soulless, the feelingless throng,
Who ne'er the sad rapture could prize;

And recalling the strain that once melted and thrill'd,
From that now silent hand and cold breast,
On the flowers grateful morn's tears or evening's have fill'd,
Shed his own by the couch of his rest:

And shall not the drops that thus nature's o'erflow
Make verdure yet brighter to spring?
Yes, yes, and around his own lyre to blow
Sweeter flowers of fancy, of lovelier glow,
That Fame's lasting perfume shall bring.

INVOCATORY STANZAS.

Oh for a beam like the light of that glory
That welcomes the young-sainted spirit to Heaven!
Oh for such thrill as it feels when the story
Of its scenes, of its raptures, are first to it given!

Then I might sing, and the grief-struck would listen
To the glorious theme 'till they felt no more woe,
'Till the bright flowing tears of pure rapture would glisten,
And all other sources cease ever to flow!

Oh for a strain like the song of the seraph,
When first he essays the bright name of his God!—
When first o'er his breast comes the ardour eternal,
That love that shall never forsake its abode!

Then I might sing, and each deep glowing spirit
Would mount with my song to the realms of the blest;
Pant Immortality's realms to inherit,
Pant to be clasp'd to the Deity's breast.

Then what high praise, what pure rapture were mine,
Bowing before the Omnipotent's shrine!
For the sweet lauding song to the Deity given,
Joins the minstrels of earth to the minstrels of Heaven!

STANZAS.

Be mine the lone and silent hour,
  When I can meditate on Thee,
Thy glory, majesty, and power,
  My All, my Father, Deity!

There was a time when I would seek
  The deepest shades to nourish woe;
But now if tear-drops gem my cheek,
  'Tis holy joy that bids them flow.

Tho' least of all that seek thy face,
  Tho' least of all that breathe thy name,
Now in my breast I dare to trace
  The dawnings of the glorious flame.

I dare believe thy love supreme
  Is now enkindling in my breast,
Oh! let it be no fading dream,
  Soothing my soul's deceitful rest.

Oh! I would rather feel my heart,
  My Father! yielded all to thee,
Than hear thy word to me impart
  All earth, and earth's felicity!

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

You should have seen that fair form ere it faded,
You should have marked the bright hue ere it fled,
And you had owned that sorrow never shaded
A lovelier brow, or bow'd a brighter head.

You should have seen those eyes, ere streams of sorrow
Had quench'd their azure lustre soft and pure;
That cheek from which the rose might beauty borrow,
That seem'd with Health's dew nurs'd long to endure.

You should have heard the voice in gladness soaring,
Like the sweet sky-lark's to the morning sky;
You should have heard its evening vesper pouring
In strains you'd deem'd descended seraph nigh.

Now all are changed; and yet amid the weakness
Of form, and tint, and voice, she's lovely still;
Lovelier perchance, in that all-sainted meekness,
That resignation to the Eternal's will,—

Than when in youth's gay pride and beauty's glory,
She joined the dance, and warbled in the song,
For now a ripening seraph is before ye,
Whose stay on this dark earth will not be long.

THE MANIAC'S MOTHER.

Thought she of this, when to her heaving breast
She clasp'd her loved, her beautiful, her son?
When his soft rose-lip to her own was press'd,
When on her eye his glance so gladly shone?
Thought she of this, when Reason's lovely dawn
She watched unfolding? when his mantling cheek,
And fix'd bright eye, and earnest question
The thirst of pure intelligence did speak?
Oh! deem'd she such a cloud o'er that bright star would break?

Thought she of this, when at the setting eve
She watched soft slumber close his azure eye,
Like a blue floweret, and still'd the heave
Even of her bosom's pure and blissful sigh,
Lest it should break it, but to the clear sky
Upturn'd her glance, and while the full bright tear
Embodied the petition—deem'd on high,
'Twas heard, and seen, and all regarded there,
And that the blessed One would grant a mother's ardent prayer.

Oh! did she dream of this, when youth's bright bloom
Crimson'd his face, and the enthusiast soul
Beam'd from his glance, and breathed like a perfume
In every word he uttered?—when the whole
Brightness of manhood o'er his young form stole,
Like day's full lustre on a morning sky,
And she gazed on its lovely light, as all
Left to cheer her reft heart, and faded eye,
And send from her lone cot the shades of poverty?

Oh! did she think of this, when on his arm
She lean'd, on bright blue summer sabbath days,
And felt sweet, grateful pride her bosom warm,
As sought her footsteps the loved house of praise?
Others might there the suit for blessing raise,
But *she* had scarcely more to ask on earth,
There stood her *son*, his bright form fills her gaze,
Her first, her last, her love's sole lovely birth,
In him she had enough to give life priceless worth.

Oh! no, no thought of this came o'er her heart;
Sweet were the visions of life's future path,
When the deep cureless grief's empoison'd dart
Pierced to its core; as with a serpent's wrath;
She had not marked that any lightning's scathe
Of woe, had struck the green shade of her age,
When lo! amid her soul's exulting faith
In its unfading beauty, burst the rage
Of that dark mental storm no soothing may assuage.

What shall they say to comfort her?—where turn?—
To yon sweet skies?—he is not smiling there;
Oh! death were a bless'd grief, the silent urn
A fount of peace, to the dark thoughts that wear
Her breast like canker'd fetters.—Oh! the glare
Of madness in the eye, once mild, and soft;
The cold chain clanking round that form so fair,
Nursed in her bosom, clasp'd in bliss so oft,
These haunt her tortured soul, and fill her misery's draught.

Life, thou hast many griefs—a wilderness
  Thou art, where piercing thorns will ever grow,
And the young rose of taintless happiness
  Must blighted be, ere it has time to blow.
What lesson is engraved on every woe?
  On all the sweet flow'r's pale and scatter'd leaves?
Here 'twas not destined fadelessly to glow,
  There *must* be *other* realms, where love receives
Its consummation full, joyful my soul believes!

TO THE WORD HAPPINESS.

Oh! thou art a beautiful word I deem,
  And fit for a seraph to use,
All basking in love's eternal beam,
  He may whisper thee by the glorious stream
  That thyself through his soul doth infuse;
He may say that he feels thee through all his being,
For he worthily worships the Bright Allseeing.

And thence thou descendedst to Eden, and wast
  The first word its blest habitants knew;
The first that they learnt in the blessed abode,
  Their Glorious Teacher, the Glorious God,
  Did each hour the sweet lesson renew;
Each ray, and each flower—each gale that sigh'd by,
Breathed this to their heart, and displayed to their eye.

And shall we not keep the sweet sound with us still,
To remind us of times that are flown?
Of realms whose soft air it unceasing did fill,
Bright homes whose inhabitants knew but its thrill,
And spoke, ever spoke in its tone;
That realm of unfading enjoyment and love,
That began upon earth, and continues above.

And thus while we know thou hast sunk from the earth,
And left but thy memory behind,
Oh! will it not waken full oft the pure birth
Of wishes, and hopes, and designs,—all, all worth
To be in immortals enshrined?
To gain the sweet region where thy sounds of joy
Every blest ear shall fill, every pure lip employ?

THE END.

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